The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME III. SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1907. NUMBER 49

IN REFERENCE TO!

An Ar-tickle Headed "Editorial" and tailed "E. L. D.," Struck Off Last Thursday, November 7, in the Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Seven.

"Editorial" at the head, "E. L. D." at the tail of an ar-tickle "struck off" last Thursday, November 7, has got us a-guessin'. We are a-wonderin'—a-wonderin' whose pen 'twas that flung the ink that soiled the paper. However, we are absolutely certain that it is not the product of the pen of the "first-page editor," because the "first-page editor" of the News Leader writes rather intelligently.

But, we must endeavor to lift the veil of mystery! We must ransack our mental storehouses for a magic wand with which to pull aside this great, black curtain, behind which lies mystery profound.

For hours, dear reader, we have been delving deep into cells of gray-matter, we have gone into the Kingdoms of Thought and have soared among the Stars of Memory in search of a companion to go with us upon this heiter-skelter hunt for the individual whose initials are "E. L. D.," and, as luck would have it, we found Wizzard Wits in the vault of a Star, and the little sleuth has consented to assist us.

And herewith he begins his work.

Wizzard Wits suggests that "E. L. D." stands for Elias Lick'em-up Dickeybird. A good suggestion 'tis, too, but we must turn it down. While we have no especial respect for the intelligence of Elias Lickem-up Dickeybird we must admit that he could have written an ar-tickle with at least some sense in it. Elias has never been known to thrust upon an unsuspecting public a fowl feathered with so many idiosyncracies.

Failure does not deter Wizzard Wits! It whets his determination to go further into the winding recesses of profound mystery. And Wizzard Wits draws other deductions and follows other clews.

"E. L. D.!" "Could it be my old friend, Erstwhile L. Doodlebug?" asks Wizzard Wits. But we answer that it could not, because Mr. Doodlebug is now in a hole hibernating, and, besides, he writes for last years' almanacs altogether.

But we must not give up! The mystery must be unearthed. We can not afford to have other questions like those of "who killed cock robin?" "who struck Billie Patterson?" propounded continually.

"E. L. D.!" "who could it be? The mystery deepens! The tides of thought bear upon their bosoms no clews, and in answer to the shouts of my intellectual activity I can only hear disappointing and uncanny echoes," cries Wizzard Wits from the depths of a tortured soul.

(Dear reader, Wizzard Wits must have a few moments for reflection; he is searching the pages of a Scotland Yard Handbook. Bear with him patiently and we feel that he will unravel the mystery.)

"Ah, I have it now! I have it! My magic wand hath found it! My reputation is sustained!" shouts Wizzard Wits.

"E. L. D!"—Eternal L. Dobad!"

"I have found it at last!"

"I have found it! I have found it! and I shall return to my vault in the star!"

Wizzard Wits, you are a wheelhorse! We believe you have made a great discovery. But let us look into this matter dispassionately; let us weigh well everything, before putting this grave charge at the door of Eternal L. Dobad. He may have written the article; it sounds very much like him. But let us reflect!

(Dear reader, we will return in a few moments; we are going around the corner to get a few doses of "reflecting powders." We must not do Dobad an injustice.)

"Has your reflecting powder taken effect yet?" asks Wizzard Wits.

We believe it has.

"So has mine," cries Wizzard Wits, "and I believe Eternal L. Dobad is innocent. I believe he can prove an alibi. Indeed I am sure he can. My deductions tell me that he was out of town trying to put himself in a saritary condition when all of this happened, besides I do not believe he would contribute to such a sheet—a sheet that tells the boys they can get their BOOZE FROM JASPER ON MARKET."

"But I refuse to give up!" cries the game little Wizzard Wits.

"E. L. D." E. Little Did, but he didn't do it; he could have done better. Eastern L. Dope, Erastus L. Darkbrown, E. Lukewarm Doright or Etimologist L. Dofferboy might have each contributed a paragraph and thus produced the ar-tickle. However, I can not believe these gentlemen did it, and I don't want to be understood as accusing them.

"I must continue my research! I must think! Let us all think! A long think, a strong think, think altogether!"

"But hold a minute! I have it now! I am sure I have solved the mystery! I'll stake my Kingdom in the Stars upon it!"

"'E. L. D.'—Easy L. Dontknow!"

By the holies! He's the fellow; Wizzard Wits has solved the mystery; he has pulled aside the mystic curtain and Easy L. Dontknow comes forth wrapped in a cloak of guilt. We ought to have made the discovery sooner; we ought to have known that an article like the one "struck off" last Thursday would fit the caliber of Easy L. Dontknow.

Now, this ar-tickle, headed "Editorial" and tailed "E. L. D.," was a sort of "come-back" at an editorial printed in an issue of The Sun of date October 30—just a "come-back" that was all. Just a few awkwardly-turned slurs, just a few whines and howls; just a few pitiful and ridiculous attempts to prove something without evidence and you have the ar-tickle headed "editorial" and tailed "E. L. D."

E. L. D. emphatically says he refuses to be annihilated; he has our consent to make such a refusal. The fact is we promise to do all in our power to prevent his annihilation. He fills his sphere in the world, and occasionally breaks the monotony in life's dull routine by giving us something "ridiculously good."

But you are wrong, my dearly beloved brother, when you say we attempted to make an issue out of you during the recent campaign. Since we read that we have laughed outloud seventeen times, notwithstanding the accusation is a very serious one. Make an issue out of you! Surely you were jesting! Make an issue out of you! We would as soon undertake to make a pound cake out of snow-balls.

And E. L. D., in this nonsensical ar-tickle headed "editorial" and tailed "E. L. D.," declines to let pass some "malicious misrepresentations contained in the last issue of The Sun." "Malicious mis-rep-re-sen-ta-tions!" Ain't them words big-uns! Bigger'n question is entitled to consideration and we did not feel called upon to stand up and howl week after week and indulge in abuse of all who did not believe in local option. We are free to admit that, unlike Mr. Gore, we failed to "hear the cries that came up from the thousands of helpless women and children who had suffered indescribable misery." You say Mr. Gore that "their pitiful tears appealed" to you and that you "would not turn them away without trying to give them some relief." How kind of you to quiet the cries and staunch the flow of tears of the thousands of women and children of Washington county. But to be perfectly honest, Mr. Gore, did not something else appeal to you in your great work of "hushing the cries and stopping the tears of the thousands of women and children?" Did not you see through all of these cries and tears a vision of reward in the shape of a political office? Your subsequent actions indicate that such was the case for no sooner had the flow of tears been staunched and the echoes of the cries had scarcely died away than you bob up and ask for your reward. "Behold; see what I have done! Payme! I want an office. I want to go to the State Senate."

The editor of The Sun is not the only person in Washington county who took E. L. D. to task for his silence during the local option fight in this county last year. There were several hundred others who took you to task. And you did not "feel called upon to stand up and howl week after week and indulge in abuse of all who did not believe in local option?" We cannot persuade ourselves to believe that howling, during that local option fight, would have done the cause any good, but if by some peculiar and unaccountable circumstance howling could advance any sort of cause, then there is no kind of a doubt that E. L. D. would be a strong and formidable foe upon the one side and a powerful ally upon the other, because he is as full of howls as are the sea shores of sands. "We are free to admit that, unlike Mr. Gore, we failed to hear the cries that came up from the thousands of women and children who suffered indescribable misery," says E. L. D.

That is a terrible admission; sickening in the extreme! It is akin to the confession of Tiberus, who acknowledged that he had bruised the hearts of little children that he might gloat over the tears of their motners.

And you failed to hear the cries of the women and children of Washington county?—and you turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of these tortured ones, whose hopes had been shattered, whose homes were poverty-stricken, whose lives had been made miserable because of the wine-cup—and you failed to hear! You likewise also failed to hear the pleadings of the down-trodden tobacco growers for assistance in this mighty contest for supremacy over a heartless trust. "You say, Mr. Gore, that their pitiful tears appealed to you." Certainly, I say their pitiful tears appealed to me, and I tried with all the powers that God had given me to help them. You, too, have seen the tears and heard the cries of heart-broken wives and mothers and children because of the inebriety of husbands and fathers, nothwithstanding you say you "failed to hear." We know you have seen and heard; you could not have lingered so long in this old world without having "seen and heard." But we know also that you have never heeded. You have gone on and on down the corridors of time without offering, even in a small way, to encourage the weary ones, to balm the hearts of the distressed, to brighten the life of, and encourage, the mother whose boy had gone astray. Through the columns of your paper you have offered no consoling words to the devoted wife, whose husband, through the wine-cup, has become as a vagabond. Ah, we know that you have "seen and heard." But their pitiful tears appealed not to you.

The remainder of this ar-tickle, headed "Editorial" and tailed "E. L. D.," is written to prove that E. L. D. has made an effort to assist the farmers in their organization. It will be remembered that in our issue of October 30, we suggested that E. L. D. publish something from his past issues which would prove that he had been a friend to this great tobacco organization. In his frenzy, E. L. D. rushes to his files of all previous issues and unearthes a few weak extracts with which he attempts to prove that he has been the friend of the tobacco growers. The attempt is not only feeble, but it is pitiful. In none of these extracts do we find a single line advising the farmer to pool his tobacco. The extracts are luke warm, and no doubt were the result of pressure from a few of his friends.

But we must close. The next time we take our seat with pen in hand, we may drop you a few lines more.

ROGERS GORE.

"Brother Gore quotes the Scripture, accuses us of violating the Ten Commandments that of "Bearing false witness against thy neighbor" because of a criticism of the manner in which he obtained his nomination for State Senator. The details of this piece of political trickery are known to many of the voters of Washington county. We have refrained from giving them although they would have made interesting reading and perhaps would have had their effect. However since Mr. Gore has seen fit to accuse us of "bearing false witness" we will proceed briefly to give the facts in that transaction. As the time approached for selecting a Democratic candidate for State Senator there were three aspirants for the honor which finally narrowed down to two viz: Mr. Gore and Mr. C. F. Bosley. The usual manner of making the nomination was suggested by Mr. Bosley who was in favor of either a primary or convention, but Mr. Gore it seems did not take kindly to this method. He had a plan which would beat the old method a block. He had probably learned it down in LaRue county. He proposes after several days of delay and parleying to leave the choosing of the candidate to the county committee of which Gore was himself chairman. Mr. Bosley with that confidence which expects a square deal from everybody, and which is commendable in any man but is a poor asset in modern politics, finally consented to the arrangement The result was soon announced to Mr. Boslev who accepted the situation."

Read the above carefully, dear reader. We want you to point out "the details of this piece of pohtical trickery." "However since Mr. Gore has seen fit to accuse us ot 'bearing false witness' we will proceed briefly to give the facts in that transaction." One would naturally suppose that a great array of "facts" would follow this declaration, but the facts don't follow. Look closely for "facts," dear reader—"facts" that will prove that the editor of The Sun got his nomination for State Senator by trickery.

Easy L. Dontknow not only fails to produce "facts," but he fails to bring forth a single line of evidence to prove himself not guilty of bearing false witness.

We have no desire to call attention to, or dwell upon, the frailties of any man, but we are again forced to present our readers with facts which prove conclusively that E. L. D. is guilty a second time of bearing false witness. Read the following paragraph from the ar-tickle headed "editorial" and tailed "E. L. D."

"Another point objected to and for which we are accused of breaking some more of the commandments is where we say; "that the action of the county committee in nominating Gore was final and all other candidates were barred." For years there has been a tactic understanding, a kind of unwritten party law, among the Democrats of this senatorial district that the three counties, Washington, Taylor and Marion shall alternate in furnishing a candidate for State Senator. This was Washington county's time and after Mr. Gore's committee had named him the district committee, of which Mr. Gore, by the way, is also a member acquiesced and proceeded to endorse the action of the county (Mr. Gore's) committee. The district committee regarded the action of the county committee as final and it was final."

At a meeting of the Fifteenth Senatorial District Committee, held at Lebanon, Ky., April 4, 1907, the following resolution was adopted:

Therefore, be it Resolved, that this Committee do now adjourn to meet at Lebanon, Ky., on May 1, 1907, and in case there is but the one candidate for the Democratic nomination for said office he will at that time be declared the nominee. In case there is more than one candidate at that time then this Committee will meet on the above date and name the time and manner of making nomination.

WM. M. SPALDING,
Chairman Fifteenth Senatorial District Committee.

This resolution from the Fifteenth Senatorial District Committee proves that E. L. D. is guilty of bearing false witness, and we shall offer no further proof.

We quote again from the ar-tickle headed "editorial" and tailed "E. L. D." as follows:

"The editor of the Sun chooses to take us to task about our silence during the local option fight in this county last year. We realized then, as we realize now, that each side of that

SPRINGFIELD ON MAIN LINE

L. & N. May Run Through Trains Via Springfield, Is The Latest.

The Elizabethtown News says: "We have it from railroad men that the L. & N. railroad is contemplating building a cut off which will make big changes in this part of Kentucky. The company has surveyed a road and secured the right of way to Alceton on the K. D. and Springfield on the Bardstown Branch. The distance is little more than nine miles and the cost of construction will be light as the intervening country is comparatively level. Now that the freight business has grown to be so enormous the construction of this line would give the L. & N. a road into Louisville fifteen miles shorter by using the Bardstown division instead of the present line by Lebanon Junction. Should the road be built it would be a great thing for Springfield and Bardstown and would be hurtful to both Lebanon and Lebanon Junction. The road from Lebanon Junction to Greensburg would only be used as a local road such as the Bardstown Branch is now, while the latter would become a part of the Knoxville division. The end of the division would be changed from Lebanon Junction to Bardstown Junction."

LITERARY SOCIETY

To Be Organized In Springfield Friday Afternoon.—Mass Meeting at School Building

A mass meeting of the people of Springfield will be held at the graded school building Friday afternoon of this week at 3:30 o'clock for the purpose of organizing a literary society. The past experiences of such a society in this city have proved its success from every standpoint and the revival of the interest that was manifested is encouraging for a successful organization this fall.

Only those who have been identified with a literary society are familiar with the knowledge and elevating influence derived from a study of the products of the great writers, aside from the social intercourse and other pleasant and profitable features surrounding a society of this nature.

This opportunity should be embraced by every one. The meeting on Friday afternoon should be largely attended.

CROSSES THE GREAT DIVIDE

Mr. C. W. Epperson Dies of Pneumonia at Age of Sixty-three Years.

Mr. C. W. Epperson, one of Springfield's most worthy citizens, died at his home on last Thursday morning at 2 o'clock of pneumonia, at the age of sixty-three years.

Mr. Epperson was a native of Clark county, but came to this county five years ago from Jessamine county, and had been making his home in Springfield since. He was married about three years ago to Mrs. Ellen Foster, of this county, who was his second wife. His wife survives him. One son, Mr. J. F. Epperson, of the Pleasant Run neighborhood, also survives.

Funeral services were conducted from the Christian church, of which he was a devout member, on Friday morning at 10 o'clock, the services being conducted by the pastor, Eld. W. F. Rogers. The burial was in the city cemetery.

Mr. Epperson was an honorable and upright citizen and had won the esteem of the people of Springfield during his residence here.

CIRCUIT COURT

Has Been In Session Since Last Wednesday.

Circuit Court has been in session in Springfield since last Wednesday, and quite a number of cases upon both the civil and criminal dockets have been disposed of.

The grand jury adjourned yesterday, after returning 18 indictments.

The more important cases of the Commonwealth disposed of are as follows:

Hattie Young fined $50 for malicious cutting.

Lon Thornbury two years in the penitentiary for stealing purse. It will be remembered that Thornbury, together with another tramp, went into the home of Mrs. Wycoff here and stole a purse, in which were several dollars in money and some bank stock and notes. Thornbury's partner in the crime was released on bail, and has not since been heard of.

Jack Lewis was given three years in the penitentiary for housebreaking. He recently broke into the restaurant of Singleton Davison, colored.

CANDIDATE FOR PAGE IN HOUSE.

Master Dudley Ragsdale Announces His Candidacy.

Master Dudley Ragsdale, who was a Page in the last Legislature, is again a candidate for that honor, and the chances are that he will win. Dudley made one of the most efficient Pages the Kentucky Legislature ever had, and by his manliness and strict attention to duty he won the admiration of every member of the Legislature.

SUCCESSFUL MEETING

Being Held at Baptist Church By Rev. Williams.

One of the most interesting and successful meetings ever held in Springfield is being conducted by Rev. Wm. H. Williams, of the Baptist church. Since the meeting began, Mondav a week ago, there have been thirty-four additions to the church, twenty-two by baptism and twelve by letter. Mr. Williams failed in his efforts to procure the services of an evangelist, and decided to conduct the meetings alone so far as the preaching was concerned. He has delivered some powerful sermons, and the fruits of his efforts are very manifest. The meeting will continue for several days.

CARDWELL.

As we promised the readers of The Sun last week to report two weddings in this letter, we will now jot them down.

Mr. Charley Gibson, of Sharpsville, and Mrs. Lettie Ann Jenkins were married Sunday morning at 8 o'clock. Immediately following the ceremony they left for Louisville, where they will remain until Friday. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Armstrong.

Mr. Lloyd Lay and Miss Lola Gardner were married Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, at the home of Mr. E. M. Royalty, the Rev. Mason officiating. The couple remained seated in the buggy during the ceremony. The groom is nineteen years of age, while the bride is just sweet sixteen. Mr. Lay recently bought a farm from Mr. Will Warner and had the house furnished ready to receive his bride.

Corn is selling for $2.75 a barrel and is hard to find at that.

E. G. Holiday and J. A. Kyler are in Louisville this week disposing of a bunch of hogs.

Mr. Albert Wilham has lots of business at Perryville since the fair, judging from the frequency of his trips.

A. L. Graham bought of C. R. Lay a bunch of cattle at 3c per pound.

W. L. Graham sold a fifteen-year-old jack to Robert Forsythe for $250.

Mrs. Albert Tatum visited her brother, E. J. Perkins, Thursday night.

The MERCHANTS

Who sell the Goods are Merchants who



ADVERTISE



Wise and Judicious Advertisers first study the wants of their Patrons and then Select the Best Medium Through which to put their wares before the public.

The Springfield Sun

Is recognized as the best paying medium through which the merchants of Washington county acquaint the public with their goods.

The SUN goes into every nook and corner of the county, into the homes of the best people, is read by men, women and children alike, not only because of its superior news service---covering the entire county and giving State and National news in condensed form, and containing every other feature of an up-to-date country newspaper, but because its advertising columns are a safe guide to follow in the purchasing of merchandise of all kinds.

Advertise in The Sun and Get Results

Modern Methods Of Farming.

Does farming pay? Two young men in New York State convinced themselves that it does, and set out to demonstrate their thesis. They had not been bred to agriculture. One was an assistant bank clerk and the other a civil enginger. The civil engineer said to the bank clerk, "Why is it that so many men say they are going to have a farm when they get rich? Why not have one right away. We both like farming. Let's buy a run-down place, work it up and see what we can do with it. I believe we can make it pay, or anyway sell out at a profit." So they went to work. What they accomplished is worthy of attention in the Middle West as well as in the effete East.

The first thing they did was to acquire technical knowledge, for which purpose one attended an agricultural college, while the other made a systematic study of the business management of a farm. The next thing was to look up a location for their experiment, which they found in Niagara county, New York, thirty-five miles from Buffalo and sixteen miles from Rockport, where there were three adjoining farms which had become so run down as to be hardly profitable to their owners. There were no fences, two old barns, two miserable houses and 190 acres. They bought the property for a song. The engineer who had taken his course in agriculture to some purpose, at once began to apply his knowledge of the chemistry of the soil to the improvement of the impoverished land, while the ex-bank clerk superintended the construction of new buildings. This was in 1905.

The young men have been two years on the place, and their experiment shows results. There was one field of six acres that usually produced about ten and a half tons of hay, or one and three-quarter tons per acre. The soil was scientifically treated. This year the field has produced thirty-two tons of timothy fit for seed, or five and one-third tons per acre of the finest hay that can be grown. It cost $2.50 per ton to raise, and is worth $15 per ton to sell—a return of fruit, grain and other crops have been similarly increased. This year the profits of the two young farmers have been $6,000 besides their living.

One of the great farm problems at the present time is that of procuring labor. On this subject the New York Herald quotes the engineer member of the firm as saying:

"We have no boss farmer or foreman. We run things and tell our six hired men what to do. And we don't have any trouble about help either. We have men on the waiting list. We hire others to do that. That's because we treat our hands just as they would be treated in the city. We pay them $40 a month, or $25 and food. Their hours are from six in the morning to six at night, with one and a half hours nooning. They quit at six, and there are no chores by lantern light. They have their Sundays off and all holidays and sick time. It pays. There is where so many farmers fail. They complain of trouble about getting and keeping help. Go and see how they work them and what they give them to eat and the places they give them to sleep in. We saw the reason for the trouble and we have put in a system that keeps new men on the waiting list."

The young men have experimented and found out what pays them best. They place their reliance now to mixed farming, and, as all crops are never known to fail in a single year, they expect to keep on making money. In the meantime they enjoy the independence of kings. One of them expressed himself on this subject as follows: "I hate to see the night come, I'm so happy. If the railroad gets 'gay,' we shall plan to carry our produce to town in automobile farm wagons." Isn't that independence.

In what these young men have accomplished by applying modern business methods to farming there is a lesson for farmers in all parts of the Unted States—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

A Narrow Escape.

G. W. Cloyd, a merchant, of Plunk, Mo., had a narrow escape four years ago, when he ran a jimson bur into his thumb. He says: "The doctor wanted to amputate it but I would not consent. I bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and that cured the dangerous wound." 25c at Haydon & Robertson, Druggists.

A Tribute to The Memory of Gus Funk.

"We are going down the valley one by one,
Human comrades, there will you and I have none,
But a tender Hand will guide us lest we fall,
Christ is going down the valley with us all."

Again the grim reaper, Death, has been in our midst, and claimed as its victim one of our brightest and most upright young men, Gus Funk. 'Tis sad indeed to see one, just in the bloom of young manhood, and with prospects of a bright career before him, cut down by the icy hand of death; yet an all wise God saw fit to take him from this earth, and with saddened hearts and tearful eyes we bow in submission before him and say "Thy will be done." Truly, we can say of Gus "He was a man." Many were the excellent traits of character he possessed. Having known and been associated with him from childhood, we loved him more as a brother than a friend. Though he had never professed faith in God, he had, during his life time, manifested a deep interest in his soul's salvation and we trust that sometime during his illness God so revealed Himself that he was able to trust Him and lean upon Him even in the dark hour of death. As the hymn, "Rock of Ages," was being sung, and we were looking upon the face of our dear friend for the last time in this world, there passed through our mind the words of the poet who wrote,

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Sung above a coffin lid,
Underneath all peacefully.
All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Nevermore, Oh! storm tossed soul,
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft brown hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer.
Still, Oh! still the song would be
Let me hide myself in Thee."

To the heart-broken father and mother and the weeping sisters and brothers we extend our deepest and most heart-felt sympathy, and in this, the darkest hour of their lives, may they be able to look to Him for comfort "who doeth all things well."

Funeral services were conducted at Bethlehem church by the pastor, Rev. R. L. Purdom, and the body was laid to rest in the cemetery at that place. The palibearers were: Messrs. John Kimberlin, Leslie and Herman Purdom, Claude and Thomas Begley and Alvin Hatchett.

A FRIEND.

Are We to Have a Meat Famine?

Bulletin No. 55 which has just been issued from the office of the U. S. Department of Agriculture gives some interesting statistics about the meat supply of the United States. For instance, the bulletin shows that on January 1, 1907, there were on the farms and ranches of the United States 20,968,000 dairy cattle and 51,566,000 other cattle. On June 1, 1900, there were 18,108,666 dairy cattle and 51,227,166 other cattle. These figures show that the increase in cattle, especially those other than dairy, has not kept pace with the growth in population and consumption of beef and dairy products. The figures about sheep and swine are still more significant. On June 1, 1900, we had 61,735,014 sheep, while on January 1, 1907, we only had 53,240,000; a decrease of nearly eight and a half million head.

The swine supply has suffered still more. In 1900 we had 64,686,155 head of hogs, while on January 1, 1907, the number had fallen to 54,794,000, or a decrease of nearly ten million in seven years. Notwithstanding this decrease in the number of sheep and hogs, we find from the same authority that their market value has largely increased. For instance, the total value of sheep on June 1, 1900, is given at $170,881,743, while on January 1, 1907, they were valued at $204,210,000, an increase of over $33,000,000. The increase in the value of swine is still more marked. On June 1, 1900, their total value is given at $238,686,872, while on January 1, 1907, they were valued at $417,791,000, an increase of over $175,000,000. At this rate of increase in value in seven years is there not room for more sheep and hogs in this country?

My Best Friend.

Alexander Benton, who lives on Rural Route 1, Fort Edward, N. Y., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is my best earthly friend. It cured me of asthma six years ago. It has also performed a wonderful cure of incipient consumption for my son's wife. The first bottle ended the terrible cough, and this accomplished, the other symptoms left one by one, until she was perfectly well. Dr. King's New Discovery's power over coughs and colds is simply marvelous." No other remedy has ever equaled it. Fully guaranteed by Haydon & Robertson, Druggists. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

THE SUN $1

Lake's Overflowers.

No. 70—144½ acres, good dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn, 50 acres of fine bottom land, well fenced, plenty of hill tobacco land, some timber. Price $60 per acre

No. 74—125 acres, on good pike, 1 mile from school, close to church, 4 miles from Springfield, good 6 room dwelling, good stock barn, 50x60 feet; plenty of water, plenty of locust post, all farm in grass, fine orchard, a bargain at $22.50 per acre.

No. 75—277½ acres in ½ mile of Springfield, on pike, 2 new tobacco barns, 1 small house, a stable, plenty of grass and water. One of the finest farms in Washington county; cheap.

No. 76—114½ acres, 6 miles from Lebanon, on good pike, good 6 room dwelling, 2 good barns, all out-buildings, all farm in grass, 30 acres orchard grass, well watered, under good fence; $55 per acre.

No. 80—138 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, ½ mile from pike, 5 room 2 hall dwelling, in good repair; good barn, some good timber, over half the farm in grass, 90 acres of fine tobacco land, plenty of water. Price $35 per acre.

No. 81—160 acres, 5 miles from Lebanon, 5 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 9 room dwelling, in excellent repair, good tenant house, 3 stock barns, one 40x60 feet; plenty of grass, fine tobacco land, all necessary outbuildings, well watered, under good fence. Price $50 per acre.

No. 82—215 acres, 10 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 3 miles from depot, 8 room frame dwelling in good repair, good stock barn, 2 good orchards, one peach and one apple; plenty of timber, plenty of water, 125 acres of grass, 20 acres of bottom land, 56 acres of fine tobacco land, good tenant house. Price $20 per acre.

No. 83—167½ acres, 7 miles from Springfield, 1 mile from good road, 3 room dwelling in good repair, barn holds 4 acres of tobacco, 75 acres of good grass, 25 acres of good tobacco land, plenty of locusts, good fence, plenty of water. Price $2,000.

No. 87—70 acres, 3 miles from Springfield, ½ mile from pike, 5 room dwelling, in good repair; good barn, plenty of water, good fence. Price $30 per acre.

No. 88—114 acres, 1 mile from Mackville, ½ mile from pike, 8 room dwelling, 40 acres of grass, 50 acres of fine tobacco land, good tobacco barn, 40x100 feet; good stock barn. $45 per acre.

No. 89—202 acres, 2 miles North of Springfield, 10 acre tobacco barn, 7 room dwelling, plenty of water all the year around, plenty of grass, good fence, good stock barn. One of the best tobacco farms in the county. Price $75 per acre.

No. 90—280 acres, 8 miles from Springfield, 9 room brick dwelling in good repair, farm well fenced, 2 good barns, will house 12 acres of tobacco; 80 acres of first bottom rest second bottom, one of the best tobacco farms in the county, plenty of grass, all the farm ready for the plow. Close to church and school, on good pike, 2 miles from depot. Price $50 per acre.

B. D. LAKE Real Estate Agent, Springfield, Ky.

THE BEST BUSINESS SCHOOL ON EARTH

The best school on earth is the one that gives the best course in the shortest time and smallest expense and prepares the young people for the best positions. CLARK'S SCHOOL OF BUSINESS gives a complete course in the latest and most up-to-date system of Actual Practice Bookkeeping and Shorthand, and places all graduates in good positions, having many more calls than graduates.

School is in Session all the Year. Individual Instruction and Enroll students any day.

Get full particulars from the editor of this paper or Rev. Granville W. Lyon or write direct to the school, 1035 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Ganderbone's Nov. Forecast

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Long we've waited for November,
when the winds are swift and chill,
when the first-come snows of winter
drift alon the window sill; when the
hunter fids pneumonia waiting for
him at te lake, and the pies we get
resemble hose that mother used to
make.

Everybodyfond of mince pies
Dances imbly, feeling good;
Now and ten an old subscriber
Comes u with a load of wood.
Winter's oming, and the bad boys
In the stoolroom sing and dance,
For the teeher cannot feaze them
When thy wear their winter pants.

Novemr was the ninth month in
the old, man calendar, and gets its
name fromovem, meaning nine. The
ber, whic we would spell burr, was
added byNimrod, the quail hunter
He had a Irish setter with which he
hunted inNovem, and the dog got so
many bus on its tail that he called
the montNovember. Like all burrs,
this one sek.

Novemr's place in the calendar
was chand when Thanksgiving was
invented. The Romans debated this
in the Sate. Some of the Senators
thought Ivember should continue the
ninth moh in the year. Turkeys
they poind out, were large enough
to eat, nd there was enough to be
thankful r by that time in the year
to go rit ahead with the fireworks
and the calloped oysters. Cicero had
been ver silent ail this time. When
the Senars who wanted to observe
Thanksgiv three months before
Christmasand said all they had to say,
he arosend disposed of them forever
by simpl saying; "But cranberries
won't be se!"

The hills a planted red and gold,
The fro is hoar and white,
The moon sailing white and cold
Across a skies of night;
The Fish d Harriman dispute
Will beme a mortal strife;
Instead oroxy ballots,
They'll mand each others life.
So each v take ot strychnine,
A good d deadly lump,
And then ey'll shake the dice to see
Which ps a stomach pump.

The Pident has gone for game
and killed a lady bear, the days are
growing ort and soft, and hazy is
the air; e country editors who once
had mon in their tills, are selling all
their diands now to pay their paper
bills.

Sagittas the Archer is the zodiacal si for November. His name
is from a Latin word sagitta, meaning arrowand is typical of the sudden
cold shong into the earth and causing the rnip to run for the cellar
like a ttehead. From the first to
the twe-second of the month the
sun wille in the constellation of
Scorpio, hich is Mr. Bryan's unlucky
constella, and will make it difficult to f whether he is coming or
going. Im the 22d to the 30th, the
sun will in the constellation of Sagittarius, which Mr. Taft and the
White Ise are at aphelion, and he
will look as if he would finish about
fifth.

On the 14th the sun will rise with
the transit of Mercury on its disk. For
3 hours and 36 minutes the planet will
describe a short chord on the northern limb of the sun, causing money
to run to its hole in Wall street, and
Standard Oil to tell everything.

Mercury, which will be an evening
star during the first two weeks of the
month, will tire of lovers and buggy-
riders on the 14th, and will be a morning star for the rest of the month. It
will cast enough light on key-holes for
sports to find them without using a
funnel, and will look with contempt
into the chambers of mollycoddles and
milksops.

The girl who sued a summer man
Where cool sea breezes course,
Will keep on suing—in the courts—
And capture her divorce;
The watered railroads will contrive
To have a few more wrecks,
And the press will print more lists of
names
With broken backs and necks.

The loving maid will feed her beau
on good dyspepsia fudge, the farmer
with the smokehouse will touch off
his hick'ry smudge, the proclamation
will come out, and the hired man will
put the turkey's head upon the block
and amputate his foot.

The flower for this month will be
the chrysanthemum, and the birthstone
will be the topaz.

A red or pink chrysanthemum is the
symbol of love; a white one signifies
truth, and a yellow one despair. When
you wear a yellow one, it means that
the gas bill has come in.

If you were born in November, you
will be thrifty, ambitious, strong and
earnest. If born in the latter half of
the month, you will be brave, kind,
honest, just, generous, quick of temper, and have a keen sense of humor.
But you can never be President. This
is a great disappointment, but you
can't have everything.

The lucky days of the month will be
the fifth, eleventh, thirteenth, twenty-
second and twenty-fifth. Any of these
is a good day upon which to begin a
trial marriage. The unlucky days will
be the sixth, fifteenth, twentieth,
twenty-ninth and thirtieth. Cover the
chimney up on all of these days, or
the stork may bring you a pair of
twins. The day to buy mining stock
will be the thirty-first.

This will be a very busy month.
The trusts will try and arrange it so
nobody can live, the moon will be full
on the 19th, and the wolf will take up
its winter quarters on the front porch.

Hurrah, we'll all sit down to feast
Within three weeks or so,
The rich will have their turkey then,
However high they go—
But most of us will sit around
And eat a piece of crow.

And then December will arrive, with
wintry winds and raw, the papers will
be busy then retrying Harry Thaw,
the boys will go to Sunday school
a-flying then, because, it won't be very
long until they hear from Santa Claus.

larion County

(Falcon.)

Mrs. za Newton, widow of the late Wiln Newton, died at her home in Russelle Saturday. The remains were brht to this place Sunday night arhe funeral took place at the Catholicarch Monday morning, after which tremains were laid to rest in St. Augine's cemetery. She was the dauer of the late Patrick Fairhare and is survived by a daughter.

The illation of the new Knights of Colus Council in Lebanon and their fi initiation Sunday was an event the history of our little city that wbe cherished in memory for many rs. A large number of Knightsom many sections of the State e here and a special train from lville arrived at 10 a. m., bearing1 members from there and other its. They were met at the depot tlarge delegation and formed a procon, marching from there to the Cate church where they assisted at Mand listened to a splendid sermon dered by Very Rev. W. P. Hogarty. the afternoon the installation ci first, and the initiation of a class 44 members, and at 8 o'clock all weseated in the new Masonic to a ban prepared and served by the Harde Hotel management and pronounceto be the best ever attended by theresent.

Don't Pay Alimony

to bivorced from your appendix. Therill be no occasion for it if you keeptur bowels regular with Dr Kings ew Life Pills. Their action is so ge that the appendix never has cause make the least complaint. Guaeed by Haydon & Robertson Druts. 25c. Try them.

The Present Situation.

There is money in wheat and cotton,
There is likewise money in corn;
There is money in shoes and dry goods
Just as certain as you are born.
There is money in china and dishes,
There is money in drugs and paint;
There is money in women's fixings,
I'm a liar if there ain't.
There is money in shaving people
And also in shaving notes;
There is money in beer and liquor,
Which is money in red-eyed bloats.
There is money in landing suckers,
There is money in bonds and stocks;
There is plenty of money in old tin cans,
And oodles of money in socks.

Art of Pipe Smoking.

As important as the condition of the tobacco smoked is the state of the pipe itself. A straight pipe, with a wide bore to the stem, is the best, says the London Globe, because it is easy to clean with a few twists of a feather. No doubt feathers are the finest pipe cleaners.

Next, no doubt, to a good seasoned tobacco the great secret of enjoyable pipe smoking is to have a battery of pipes, so that a frequent change is possible. The ideal plan is never to smoke a particular pipe more than once a day. When done with it should be cleaned and stood in the rack, bowl downward, and all pipes should be used in rotation.

There is a great art, too, in filling a pipe. If the tobacco is crammed in haphazard it will not burn evenly, and a tightly packed pipe is the cause of more tongue blisters than even an ill conditioned, half drowned tobacco. Pipe filling is perhaps the most difficult thing a smoker has to deal with. Old hands cannot be sure of always exactly hitting the right degree of even density throughout the bowl, and beginners invariably make a botch of it.

Some people will never master the thing in a lifetime, try as they may, and they are perforce limited to the minor delights of cigar and cigarette smoking or at least have to put up with mixtures which by reason of their short, choppy nature are fairly fool proof from this point of view.

A perfectly filled pipe should light at once in an evenly glowing disk and should burn through almost to the bottom uninterruptedly, preserving a slightly coned shape the whole time. A curious, not to say unaccountable, thing about pipe smoking is the way in which the formation of the cake—the hard black substance which collects on the inside of the bowl—varies with different smokers.

It does not appear to depend on the nature of the tobacco used, but almost entirely on some mysterious attribute of the user. With some smokers this cake grows rapidly and must be constantly pared away, while with others its collection is just as slow. In either case the interior of the bowl must be kept as smooth as possible by frequent scrapings. This insures the rim fire necessary for the cone shaped burning. A rough bowl means center fire and waste of tobacco.

To many people the first smoke from a new pipe is always a terror, but the breaking in of a new brier should never be attempted by smoking in the ordinary way. It must be done by some sort of bellows arrangement. A bicycle pump is not a bad thing. The pipe should first be packed hard with the strongest and juiciest tobacco obtainable. It is then lighted and drawn up to a glow with the mouth. A few puffs will suffice for this, when it is laid on the table and blown at steadily until the charge is all consumed. A pipe treated in this way is ready at once to go in the rack and take its turn with the rest.

A $2,700 Young Man

A young man who was drawing $50 a month took a course at Clark's School of Business. A year later he was getting

$225 a month
$175 monthly increase
$2100 yearly increase
$21000 in 10 years.

Not so bad? Eh!

This increase in salary came when his earning power was enhanced.

Your salary will increase at the time you are prepared to command it—not before. Can a young person afford to be without the training—not by any means. Can one afford to get it? Most certainly YES when it can be had in Day or Night session and require so short time.

12 weeks, $40 for Shorthand
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All graduates placed in good positions. Many calls we can not fill.

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1035 4th. Louisville, Ky.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

You can waste a good deal of time telling how reliable you are.

You never say a man won't listen to reason if he agrees with you.

A boy is liberally abused if he isn't polite, but how many say "Thank you" to a boy?

No one seems to have as hard a time earning money as the woman who marries for it.

The average man's idea of religious liberty is the privilege of staying home from church.

Having good judgment and being "a fool for luck" are frequently the story of a single financial success told by different parties.

"How poor are they who have no patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees?" Who is the author of the above? It is not important whether you can remember the author if you can soberly accept the lesson taught.—Atchison Globe.

How to Beautify Eyebrows.

The eyebrows should receive as careful if not as frequent attention as the hair, says Harper's Bazar. With a bit of cold cream on the finger tips rub the eyebrows gently to loosen any possible dandruff, since they are often subject to this annoyance. Then wash them with a mixture of alcohol and water. Lastly, brush them, using the little brush on the end of the nail file. First brush them straight up toward the hair, then straight down, and the line will be fine and well shaped. If this treatment is used regularly the eyebrows will constantly grow more beautiful. Brushing up the outer tip after the last stroke downward gives a coquettish expression to some faces, but the curve or straight line designed by nature is rarely improved upon.

How to Treat a Sore Throat.

For an ordinary sore throat, with loss of voice or huskiness, dip a folded handkerchief in cold water. Encircle the neck with the wet handkerchief and cover it with several folds of old flannel. One night's application is usually sufficient to relieve slight cases.

How to Keep Shoes From Hardening.

To prevent leather from hardening after shoes have been water soaked fill the shoes tightly with pieces of newspaper and let stand over night. The paper will absorb the water and leave the leather as soft as before being wet.

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The Sun and the Louisville Daily Herald one year..... 3 25
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B. D. LAKE'S
BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE.

No. 22.—121 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, good dwelling, good barn, young orchard, fine mineral spring, plenty of water. Price $15 per acre.

No. 3.—70 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, good dwilling, good tobacco barn, plenty tobacco land, good water, close to school house and church. Price, $40 per acre.

No. 4.—255 acres, three good barns, two dwellings, plenty of grass. All the farm ready for the plow. Price, $60 per acre.

No. 5—167 acres, seven miles from Springfield, plenty timber, oak, ash, hickory; good dwelling and barns, well-watered, one-half mile from school house and church. Good tobacco land. Price, per acre, $15.

No. 9.—65 acres, nine miles from Springfield. 20 acres timber, two houses, one barn that will hold ten acres of tobacco, well fenced.

No. 10.—108 acres, seven miles from Springfield, 15 acres good timber, plenty good tobacco land, good barn, fine orchard, good, large dwelling. Will make fine dairy farm, on railroad. Price, $37.50 per acre.

No. 16.—196 acres, 7 miles from Springfield on good pike, one 7 room dwelling, barn, in good repair; 1 good stock barn, 80 acres in blue grass, rest in cultivation; plenty of water. Price, $30.

No. 18.—174 acres, 10 miles from Springfield, one good six room dwelling, on good pike, 3½ miles from depot, one mile from school and church, good stock barn. All outbuildings, 60 acres bottom land, 6 rods stone fence. Price $32.

No. 19.—275½ acres, 76 acres good timber, two story nine room dwelling, two tobacco barns, will hold 20 acres tobacco; two stock barns, cow house, two tenant houses, two good wells, plenty of springs, fine young orchard, all kinds of fruit, large and small; ice house, carriage house, all outbuildings new. Price $50.

No. 20.—250 acres, nine miles from Springfield, good dwelling, two good tenant houses, two tobacco barns, two stables, 75 acres timber, plenty of grass, fine orchard. $30 an acre.

Several other pieces of town property. If you want a home in Springfield I've got it at any price.

No. 23.—139½ acres, 1 good dwelling, 2 tobacco barns, hold 15 acres of tobacco, one barn new; 1 mile from Maud, one half mile from school, some timber, fine tobacco land, well fenced, plenty of water. Price, $35 per acre.

No. 25—248 acres 2½ miles from Springfield, 8 room dwelling, good cellar, well in yard, good cistern at barn, fine stock barn, 50x60 ft under pining layed in cement, water in every field all year, fine set of grass, 35 acres of corn in this year.

No. 33—231 acres in Nelson county, on Stoner pike 6 miles from Bardstown, 6 miles from Bloomfield, 10 room brick dwelling, fine stock barn, cistern at barn, loft that will hold 20 tons of hay, small barn 36x40 ft, 70 acres in timothy and clover, 40 acres in corn, all rest of farm in grass, brick tenant house, grainery, 2 story painted machine house, 30 ft long, one of the nicest homes in Nelson county. Price $60 per acre. All limestone land.

No. 34—225 acres, in the edge of Springfield, fine lands, well fenced and watered, one of the best locations in Washington county for a home. Cheap.

No. 35.—225 acres fine land, in the edge of Springfield. Will sell as a whole, or divide it. Some timber, well watered. Plenty of grass. Cheap.

No. 36.—House and lot, seven room dwelling, bath room. Lot 70 x 210. Stable, coal house and cellar, buggy and hen house. Water in house and yard. Hot and cold water all over house. One of best neighborhoods in town. $3,000.

No. 38.—180 acres, six miles from Springfield, on good pike. Farm in good grass, good six room dwelling, fine stock barn. Well fenced. Plenty stock water. $35 per acre.

No. 40.—Fifty acres, four room dwelling, well fenced and watered, good land, good grass, barn and all out buildings, fine well in yard. $2750.

No. 41.—220 acres seven miles from Springfield, eight miles from Lebanon, on good pike, one bran new dwelling, built this year, good cellar and cistern. Never failing spring in yard, milk house at spring. Good orchard. Plenty of small fruit, one ten-acre tobacco barn, one stock barn, will hold seventy-five mules. Buggy house and all outbuildings. Fine grass, plenty tobacco land. Three-quarters of a mile from school and church. Price $45 per acre, easy payment.

No. 45.—164 acres, one and one-half miles from Springfield, good small dwelling, small tenant house, good barn 36 x 36, well watered, plenty of locust posts. Price $30.00 per acre.

No. 46—97 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on pike, 25 acres of fine timber, small house, stock barn, well watered, fine tobacco land, good fence, price $37.50 per acre.

No. 47—76 acres, 8 miles from Springfield, 2 small dwellings one ten-acre tobacco barn, small stable, some timber, plenty of tobacco land, 18 acres of clover, price $2,000.

No. 49—A farm, containing 254 acres eight miles from Springfield on good pike, 8 room dwelling, seven acre tobacco barn, plenty tobacco land, good stock barn, plenty water. Plenty locust posts. Close to church and school. Price $32.50 per acre.

No. 51—152 acres, 4 miles from Bloomfield, on good pike, in "Cooney neck." The best tobacco-growing part of Nelson county. Good five room dwelling, barn will hold twenty-five acres of tobacco, All in grass, fine orchard. School 2 miles. No waste land on farm. On rural route. Price $47 per acre.

No. 53.—A good investment in city property on Main street.

No. 54.—Town Lots, on Grundy and Covington avenues.

No. 55.—200 acres, 4 miles from Springfield, 9 room dwelling, tobacco barn, holds 12 acres of tobacco; plenty grass. Farm situated in one of the best neighborhoods in county. One of the best farms in county. Whole farm will raise tobacco. $75 per acre.

No. 57.—163 acres, 3 miles North of Mackville on Willisburg pike 6 room dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn, 75 acres fine tobacco land plenty locust posts, well watered and fenced. Price $31 per acre

No. 59.—133 acres, 8 miles from Springfield, 5 room dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn, good stable and meat house, milk house, fine orchard, 90 trees, fine tobacco land. Close to school and church. Price $30 per acre.

No. 60.—330 acres, 3 miles from Springfield, brick dwelling, 14 acre tobacco barn, new, two stock barns, orchard, plenty of fruit, plenty of locust posts, fine water, 100 acres of bluegrass, plenty of tobacco land. Price $15,000.

No. 62.—150 acres, 8 room dwelling, tobacco barn, good stock barn, some timber, all in grass, well watered. Close to school and church. Five miles from Bloomfield. Price $45 per acre.

No. 63.—180 acres in Nelson county, 5 room dwelling on pike, 12 acre tobacco barn, plenty of timber, 90 acres of grass, plenty of fine tobacco land, plenty of water. One of the finest tobacco farms in Nelson county. Price $50 per acre.

No. 65.—170 acres, 5 miles from Springfield, on good pike, under good fence, 5 room dwelling, new 8 acre tobacco barn with metal roof, good granary, 10 acres of bottom land. Plenty of locusts. 75 acres of fine tobacco land. Plenty of grass. Price $42.50 per acres.

No. 66.—156 acres, 8 miles from Springfield, ½ mile from pike, 4 room dwelling, 5 acre tobacco barn, small stock barn, some timber, 50 acres of tobacco land. Good fence. All in grass. Price $20 per acre.

No. 67.—200 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 6 room dwelling, in good repair, 10 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, buggy shed and all outbuilding, 20 acres of fine bottom land, 75 acres of fine tobacco land. Some timber. Price $35 per acre.

No. 68—180 acres, 8 room brick dwelling in good repair, well fenced, fine river bottom land, plenty of timber, fine tobacco land. Price $60 per acre.

No. 69—150 acres, small house, fine river bottom land, plenty of timber, and fine tobacco land. Price $50 per acre.

B. D. Lake, Springfield

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If those tobacco growers of Washington county who are in the pool will keep their heads cool and their hearts strong they will win the fight. God Almighty and Right are upon their side and they will ultimately win. Let us all remember that the darkest hour is just before dawn, and let us bear in mind that often-times apparent victories of enemies become stepping stones and stairways upon which we climb to higher and nobler attainments. There is no reason for any tobacco grower to become disheartened at this time. Indeed there is every reason for exultation, and we most sincerely believe that the dark hour has passed and that the dawn of the glorious day is but a space behind the horizon.

BROOKSVILLE.

Well, as everything has quieted down since the election I will give you a few items.

Rolin Noel was in Harrodsburg last Monday.

Mr. Robert Keeling was very badly hurt one day last week by a limb falling on him.

D. R. Carrier, our noted horse trainer, will leave shortly for the West.

B. F. Colvin has sold his farm to J. T. Wall, of Pleasant Grove, and will leave shortly for DeKalb, Ill.

Lannon Coulter sold to different parties a lot of corn at $3 per barrel.

Hall & Pinkston have moved their saw mill on H. J. Colvin's place and will cut a large amount of timber.

Richard Pinkston and wife were in Lawrenceburg last week.

Joe Noel was in Kirkland last week on business.

D. Noel sold a nice horse to Hughes, of Lawrenceburg, last week for $170.

E. D. Pinkston has for sale one nice three-year-old mare.

NOTICE TO HUNTERS.

The following gentlemen announce that their lands are posted and they forbid hunting on their premises. Parties caught hunting upon the lands of any of the undersigned will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

T. J. Skines.	J. H. Mayes.
G. T. Mayes.	G. H. Christerson.
J. M. Russell.	G. W. Russell.
Bob Brady.	Henry Noel.
S. M. Mayes.	Chi Whitehouse.
P. B. Harmon.	Chas. Pope.
R. H. Robinson.	Jake Kimberlin.
G. N. Campbell.	Emmet Settle.
W. R. Cocanougher.	
W. G. Grundy.	T. A. Grundy.

[Parties desiring their names placed to this list may have it done by paying 20c a name, cash in advance.]—Ed.

Diphtheria In Taylor.

Taylor County Enquirer: Three deaths from diphtheria have occurred during the past few months in the Merrimac neighborhood. The victims were the children of Mr. James Bright, Mr. Jack Rake and Mr. David Taylor. The bereaved families have the heartfelt sympathy of the community in their sad bereavements. It gives the Enquirer pleasure to state that the dreadful disease has been checked in the county, and that of the one or two existing cases the patients are on the way to recovery. All patients have been isolated and a spread of the disease is not feared.

Won In Debate.

The many friends of Mr. John Shuck McElroy, Jr., will be glad to learn that he recently carried off the honors in a debate at Centre College, and that he has a good chance to represent that institution in the Inter-Collegiate contest next year. Mr. McElroy is a strong speaker, and a young man of unusual ability, and his Springfield friends feel confident that he will carry off other honors.

WILLISBURG.

The election is over and it appears to be a perfect landslide all over Kentucky in favor of the Republicans. Your correspondent is very sorry that J. Rogers Gore was defeated for State Senator.

The Maccabee supper here Saturday evening was well attended considering the inclement weather. Proceeds for the evening were $25.

Misses Lora and Cassie Yancey were the guests of their sister, Mrs. S. B. Yeager, Saturday and Sunday.

W. B. Shirley and wife visited relatives in Mercer county the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Burns spent Saturday and Sunday with T. C. Cooksey and wife.

Dr. Hopper and wife spent Saturday night with Dr. W. W. Hyatt and wife.

Born, to the wife of Davis Noel, on Saturday, November 9, a ten-pound boy.

Miss Bessie Drury, of Polin, and Clyde Goatley, of Mooresville, were married at Rev. J. A. Sims' Sunday afternorn at 4 o'clock. Their many friends wish them a long and happy life.

THE TWO POSSESSORS.

[Original.]

The morning sun was shining down on Mrs. Westervelt's country place. It glistened on the roof of her house, on the leaves of the trees and the plants in the flower beds. Mrs. Westervelt had opened all the windows, put the pillows on the sill and left the beds open for the regular daily airing. She had servants to do her bidding, but there were certain duties she reserved for herself. She was an excellent housekeeper and especially particular as to cleanliness and fresh air.

Mrs. Westervelt had at seventeen loved a man of thirty-five. He never knew that she loved him. He drifted away from her and married. Later she gave her hand to a man of means. Her heart was like a clock that had stopped, or, rather, beat for her first and only love.

Mrs. Westervelt was in one of the upper rooms dusting her own especial memento trinkets when she heard carriage wheels on the gravel driveway and a vehicle stop at the front porch. Then a maid came up and said that a gentleman had been driving and had collapsed in his carriage. His coachman begged that he be allowed to rest at the house. Mrs. Westervelt went downstairs and out to the carriage. There, his head resting on the cushions, his eyes half closed, his white locks falling on his forehead, was the man she had loved in her youth—had always loved.

In a few minutes servants had carried the invalid to a divan, where he lay propped with pillows while Mrs. Westervelt ministered to him. A physician came and pronounced the heart so feeble that the old man could not be moved, at least for a time, without serious risk, and Mrs. Westervelt persuaded him to remain for an indefinite period. He had broken down while making a tour from the city in his carriage, not being able to endure the excitement of a train. His wife was herself an invalid, and his children were occupied with families of their own. His stay at Mrs. Westervelt's proved his last sojourn on earth.

He was carried to a bedroom upstairs. From a window he could look upon a height of land on the crest of which were forest trees. He would lie looking up at these trees, watching their topmost branches sway in the wind. Is there anything more soothing than a slow, monotonous motion—hither, thither; hither, thither; hither, thither?

One morning Mrs. Westervelt brought a likeness of herself taken forty years before and showed it to him. It was a daguerreotype. The skirt of her dress was covered with little flounces, and on her head was a bonnet. The hair was parted in the middle of her head and smoothed down on each side. The face was young, innocent, loving. He asked who the girl was. Mrs. Westervelt sighed, closed the case and put the picture away.

Again she asked him if he remembered Agnes Lee. He pondered and said no. Then she referred to several incidents that had occurred when he had known her. At last she touched upon one that he remembered. They had been out together on horseback. Her horse had thrown her, and he had picked her up for dead. The impression stamped upon his brain by this incident served as a spark to kindle a flame. A succession of memories sprang up in his mind.

"I remember," he said. "She was Agnes Lee, a beautiful girl, a lovely girl! But I have no recollection of her face or figure. Singular," he added musingly, "how the past fades. I remember one evening that I came very near making love to Agnes Lee. I checked myself in time. I was midway between thirty and forty, while she was not long out of short dresses. It's more than a quarter of a century since the incident has occurred to me. What a life she would have had had she married me with all my vicissitudes! And now that I'm a broken old man she would be burdened with my care. What a lucky escape for her!"

He felt a hand stealing over his. "Yes," said the woman beside him, "she would have been in my place."

One day, while he was looking out upon the crest of the hill, he said to his nurse:

"I have a wish. I dare say it can't be gratified. I would like when my spirit goes outward that my body should pass to a resting place up there under those trees."

"You can have your wish," she replied. "The hill is included within my grounds."

Letters came from the old man's children thanking her for her kindness to their father. They would gladly have remunerated her, but surmised that such a course would be out of the question. A son was abroad and a daughter on the Pacific coast. Neither could come to him without seriously disarranging their plans. Their mother was an invalid herself and unable to nurse him.

The man died in the arms of the woman who had ministered to him. She wrote his children that he had expressed a wish to be buried on her premises and asked permission to carry out his desire. It was granted.

His life had belonged to two women. The one had possessed forty years of it, the other but a few weeks of its close. The one loved him for the period of her married life, the other for her whole existence. The one had him living; the other possesses him in death. She can see his grave from her window and keeps it perpetually green. Furthermore, she has the comfort of having nursed him tenderly for the last few weeks of his life.

F. A. MITCHEL.

TATHAM SPRINGS.

We are having lovely weather at present and farmers are busy gathering corn.

Rev. Hatchett filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

Miss Verna Rodgers, of Fenwick, taught school here last week in the absence of her sister, Miss Ethel, who was not able to teach.

Mrs. Vandiver, of near Harrodsburg, spent last Sunday with her cousin, Mrs. Thompson, of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker, of near Mackville, spent last Saturday with Mr. T D. Graham and family and at the home of Mr. John Brown, of Cornishville.

Mrs. George Shirley and son, Oscar, spent last Friday at the home of Mr. R. C. Pinkston, of near Willisburg.

Mr. Merrel Pinkston and wife spent last Sunday at the home of Mr. G. W. Shirley.

Mr. I. P. Johnson, of this place, is having a new store built at Fairview, where he will move the first of the year.

Albert Masters visited at Pleasant Grove last Sunday.

MULDRAUGH HILL.

Mr. Lem Hardin, of Scruggsville, spent Friday night with Tom Coulter, of this place.

Mrs. Nancy A. Scott spent Saturday with W. S. Coulter and family.

Mrs. Nancy A. Scott spent Sunday with Tom Coulter and family, of this place.

On last Thursday night while Mr. Jim White was at the annual shooting he had some powder in his hand, which caught fire, and he came near burning to death before they could get his clothes off. The Doctor says there is no chance for him.

Miss Effie Coulter spent one day last week with Cecil R. Coulter, at this place.

Mr. J. M. Montgomery was in Springfield Wednesday on business.

LIFTING THE BABY.

How the Little One Should Be Handled to Avoid Injury.

The importance of handling and lifting a baby properly is one that many mothers, particularly those who are young, seldom understand. Curvature of the spine or misplaced joints may result from some of the pulling and hauling done, sometimes unconsciously and again when in a temper. To tell a mother that she would injure her small child is to call forth vehement denial, but the fact remains that this is precisely what is likely to happen.

I cannot say too often that a baby should be handled as little as possible, but when he must be moved it should be so the whole body and head receive support, says the New York Evening Telegram. An infant's spine is not strong enough to hold the head unaided, and unless help is given it will roll dangerously. To lift one from a bed put the left hand well under the hip, supporting the limbs. Let the right hand go over and under his head and neck, placing the head then gently on the bend of the arm. Never under any circumstances put the hands under the armpits and raise him until he is at least six months old.

To change from the arms to the shoulder, as may be done when baby is to be carried, place the right hand between the shoulders, bracing the little head by the outspread fingers. The other arm supports the weight of the body.

No baby is strong enough to sit up alone until he is four months old. No matter how he may try and how able he may seem, the strain on muscles is too great and should not be permitted. When beginning to sit he may be put almost anywhere, but the back must always be supported by a soft pillow.

One of the best ways of strengthening an infant's limbs and one that he enjoys is to put him on his back on a big bed and allow him to kick for an hour or more every day. This may be begun when he is two months old. From its birth a baby should be turned at an interval of an hour during the day from one side to another in its crib and when the mother wakes at night.

How to Clean Gloves.

Most women seem to think that the whole duty of glove cleaning is comprised in scrubbing silk and linen ones with soap and water and applying benzine or gasoline to the kid variety. As a matter of fact every sort of glove requires a different method of cleaning. Here are a few of them:

Chamois leather gloves should never be washed in very hot water, as the heat tends at once to shrink them. It is also bad for chamois leather to have soap rubbed upon it, and the gloves should be washed in a nice lather made of lukewarm water and good soap jelly or powder in which a pinch of borax has been placed to soften the water.

Black kid gloves should never be washed, but when they begin to look dirty and shabby they should be inked with an application of olive oil and black ink. The gloves should be placed upon the hands and the oil applied with a tiny paint brush or feathers. For white and light kid gloves, apply the benzine with a small toothbrush, rubbing well into the grain of the leather.

Instead of attempting to clean very fine and expensive gloves oneself, send them to the cleaner, who will be responsible if anything happens to them and will probably do them better than you could at a trifling cost.

CASH!

Will Buy goods at

Reduced Prices

At Grundy & McIntire's For The Next

30 Days.

Our house is crowded with Fall and Winter goods and we will offer some surprising bargains to CASH BUYERS. This is the season of the year when people have "money to spend." If you will spend it with us we will save you a great deal.

Grundy & McIntire.

MOORESVILLE.

Mrs. Eliza Wall is quite ill of typhoid fever.

Miss Margaret Smith is threatened with typhoid fever.

It is reported we will have two or three weddings this week. We will report particulars next week.

Owen Ellis spent last Sunday with his brother at this place.

W. O. Ellis has accepted a position with the L. & N. Railroad Company at Woodlawn as freight and ticket agent.

Mr. Love Settle has returned from Louisville.

We had a quiet election at our polls this time.

Well, the election is over and the editor of The Sun was defeated for the State Senate. We were sorry to hear of his defeat. He stood for what he thought was right, but still there were enough Democrats who thought he was wrong to defeat him. We offer to him our condolence and hope that God will reward him both here and hereafter for the stand he took in regard to local option.

As we will remove to Woodlawn this week we bid all of the many readers of The Sun adieu, hoping and trusting that God's richest blessings may fall upon all the readers of The Sun and upon the editor in his hour of "affliction."

HILLSBORO.

Mrs. Levie Bailey and Miss Maud Inman are on the sick list at this writing.

Miss Sarah Shields spent last Tuesday night with Miss Zelma McIlvoy at Sweet Retreat.

Miss Jessie Noel spent last Friday afternoon with Miss Zora Montgomery.

Mrs. J. D. Sutherland spent last Wednesday with Mrs. B. H. McIlvoy.

Mrs. J. M. Shields and sons, Raymond and Truman, spent last Tuesday with Mrs. J. M. Montgomery.

Miss Pearlie Armstrong spent last Tuesday with Miss Jessie Noel.

Misses Zora and Judith Montgomery spent Sunday afternoon with Mesdames Zelma and Alice Bailey.

Mr. Weslie Bailey spent Sunday with friends at Texas.

Mr. J. M. Shields, wife and little children spent Sunday with Mr. Solon Kays and family.

Miss Eva Inman and Mr. Ernest Shewmaker attended meeting at Mackville Sunday.

Mr. Erastus Shields spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Sabe Coulter, at Willisburg.

Miss Effie Coulter spent Monday night with Miss Myrtle Armstrong at Happy Hollow.

Mrs. J. M. Shields and son, Est, spent Sunday night and Mondayith Mrs. Shield's sister, Mrs. J. B. nkins, at Willisburg.

Mr. J. D. Sutherland and wifeent several days last week with Mr. itherland's brother, Rev. W. E. Sterland and wife, at Buffalo, LaRueunty.

Mr. J. M. Montgomery spent urday and Sunday with friends in bon county.

Bailey Bros. delivered a bunch fat hogs Monday to Mr. A. L. Litsey rice private.

Mr. M. C. Keeling and familyent several days last week with frienand relatives at Fairview and other pes.

Elva Settles spent last week in banon.

LOCUST GROVE.

After an absence of several ws I will try to jot down a few items.

Mrs. L. M. Clark spent Sunday ith Mrs. J. S. Leachman.

Mr. William Logsdon, of Fexk, visited at the home of A. L. sey Saturday night.

Charlie Trent, of Polin, wathe guest of the Leachman brothers urday and Sunday.

Erastus Perkins is the guesthis cousin, Everett Perkins.

Quinn Birch, the little infant dr. and Mrs. Ed Birch, is very sick his writing.

Mrs. Julia Leachman spent May afternoon with Mrs. Will Merritt.

Mr. Mitt Leachman, accompanby Miss Sue Edgerton, attended thpper at Willisburg Saturday night.

Mr. Edd Litsey has gone to Loulle on business.

Several from here attended thating rink in Springfield Friday nig

Mr. Henry Reed, who has bon the sick list for some time, is bet

Mr. J. M. Montgomery has sois farm.

Mrs. Tom Baker and charming dter, Miss Bertha, visited relatin Springfield Saturday.

Mr. Pat Brewer and wife haturned to their home at Fairfield, r a visit with their daughter here.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage licenses were issued to to the following couples:

Jas. B. O'Bryan and Miss Nora Goodlet.

Gaither Drury and Miss Lucy E Lewis.

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 y

Never Before..

In the history of our business has there been such a MAMMOTH STOCK OF MERCHANDISE shown in Springfield as we are now showing for For FALL and WINTER. Our house is filled from basement up with the CHOICEST THINGS the Eastern markets afford, and we were fortunate enough to get in our orders before the heavy advances, in fact we are selling a great quantity of goods at OLD PRICES.



Cloaks.

Our stock of Ladies' Cloaks and Suits is especially large and attractive this season and will compare favorably with those of Louisville and other cities. Our styles are correct and the Prices are Lower than you can get in city for same High Class Garments.

Ladies' and Misses Suits
$10 to $40

Seperate Skirts
$1.50 to $18

Ladies' Cloaks
$3.50 to $40

Children's and Misses Cloaks
$1.50 to $15



...DRESS GOODS...

Our stock of Dress Goods, Silks and Trimmings is superior to any we have ever shown. Besides showing a handsome line of Colored Dress Goods we always keep on hand an exceptionally strong line of BLACKS, in the newest weaves. Full stock of Broadcloths and serges.

...MISCELLANEOUS...

We are showing the newest fads in Ladies' Belts, Handbags, Back and side Combs, Hosiery Gloves and Neckwear.....We are sole distributors of the W. B. Corsets, Flexibone Corsets, Bonton, and American Beauty Corsets.....Merode Underwear and "Onyx" Hosiery..... Nice assortment of Ladies' silk and satine Petticoats, silk and Lingerie Waists.....Every department is loaded with good things at prices that will pay you to buy here. Give us the pleasure of showing you.

Respectfully,

The Robertson-Claybrooke Co. INCORPORATED.

Dr. J. M. Burton,
RESIDENT DENTIST.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

CROWN WORK A SPECIALTY.

All Dental Work Strictly First-class. Springfield, - - Ky.
Office in Hagon Block, up stairs.

Local News Notes.

FOR SALE.—Buggy, suitable to haul milk to creamery or other heavy articles to market. Suitable for mail wagon. Good condition. Will exchange for Corn.
J. L. ALLEN.

Sealshipt oysters at
McELROY & SHADER'S.

NOTICE TO HUNTERS.—Hunters are warned that my farm is posted and no one will be permitted to hunt on my premises. J. F. HEAD.

The Ladies of the Catholic Church will serve County Court day dinner on the fourth Monday in February, 1908.

FOR SALE.—Two good wagons.
M. H. JONES & Co.

FARM POSTED.—My farm near Fredericktown, has been posted, and hunters are hereby warned that no hunting will be allowed. SAM PHILLIPS.

We still want your produce so come and see us. At Campbell's.

FOR SALE—One Deering Corn Harvester, good as new. Will sell cheap.
J. K. WALLS,
Springfield, Ky., R. F. D. No. 2.

Don't forget we are in the corner with a full line of stoves and furniture. Get our prices before you buy.
At Campbell's.

Young Men and Ladies with ambition should learn Telegraphy. Under the new 8-hour law, which goes into effect next March, over 18,000 additional Telegraphers are required by the Railroads in the United States. Positions pay from $60 to $80 per month to beginners. You can qualify in 3 or 4 months time. For full details write to the National Telegraph Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LAND POSTED.—No hunting with dog or gun on my farm on Fredericktown and Bear Wallow turnpike.
F. J. PHILLIPS.

Candy 10c a pound at
McELROY & SHADER'S.

We have only about five carloads of coal left, and those wishing to avail themselves of our low prices should order now. M. H. JONES.

WANTED.—25 or 30 head of young cattle to graze on a stalk field. Plenty water and grass. G. A. BENEDICT.

One-fourth pound chocolate candy 5c.
McELROY & SHADER.

Insure in the Farmers Home Insurance Company, the only company that pays its losses in full. J. N. Wells, General Mnj., Junction City, Ky.

NOTICE.—Dr. RoBards, having decided to leave Springfield, the firm of RoBards & Hyatt dissolved the 1st day of November. All those knowing themselves indebted to said firm will please come forward and settle by Dec 1. All unsettled accounts will be placed in hands of collector thereafter.
DRS. RoBARDS & HYATT.

I will offer for sale my farm of 254 acres, situated at Hillsboro, for thirty days. This is one of the best tobacco farms in the county, plenty of grass and water, good ten acre tobacco barn. On easy terms. For further particulars call on C. W. Stallings or
B. D. LAKE.

Instruction will begin in the various branches of the business course at the Bardstown Baptist Institute on Dec. 2nd. The services of Miss Eva Taurman, formerly the head of the Department of Stenography in Massy Business College, Jacksonville, Florida, have been secured, and all who contemplate taking a business course should avail themselves of this opportunity. For further information address
PRIN. W. O. VAUGHT,
Bardstown, Ky.

PROGRESSIVE DOMINOCARDS PARTIES will be the rage this winter. The sale of this new household game is breaking all records. Dominocards make an attractive Christmas present, to test the skill of adults or amuse the children. Sent postpaid for 50 cents. Sample piece and particulars free. More agents wanted. Write today. Dominocards Co., 1807 Chouteau, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. J. W. Conkling, of Jeffersonville, Ind., will preach from the pulpit of the Christian church in Springfield next Sunday morning.

Mr. F. G. Combs, of Fredericktown, will leave the first of next week with his wife and children for Louisville, where they will reside in the future. Mr. Combs has lived in the Fredericktown community all of his life and is one of its most substantial farmers and citizens. The people of that community will regret to lose him and his estimable family.

Mr Fred Hagan, of this city, can hand out to his friends a lemon that is the real article and home grown, too. A tree in his store is bearing this year and has on it five of the prettiest specimens of the fruit that can be grown. The lemons are of the Ponderosa variety and measure sixteen inches each in circumference.

BATTLE.

The saw mill company of Warner, Baker and Votaw has changed hands to Parrott & Baker.

James Derringer bought of Sam Gardner a small bunch of sheep at $8 per head.

G. W. Morris, of Cornishville, is erecting a new picture gallery in Cornishville. The town is on a boom.

W. B. Hillard is visiting relatives and friends in Lexington this week.

Lafe Kays and wife left here this week for Louisville to make their future home.

William Watts, an aged farmer of Mercer county, bought a possum dog, paying $15 for it.

Corn is selling at $2.75 per barrel and is hard to find at that price.

J. F. Divine was in Lawrenceburg this week on business.

Miss Nannie Hilton visited Thomas Gabhart and family last Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Maggie Isham and brother, Henry, attended church at Mackville Sunday.

John Gabhart and son visited John Young, of White Oak, from Friday till Sunday.

Mr. Thomas Gabhart and family visited John Taylor and family Thursday night.

E. B. Cary and family, W. D. Lea and wife, John Taylor and family, Cook Casey and family, Carter Hall and family, of Mackville, Leslie Bottom and family visited John Cary Sunday.

Almer Hilton and wife visited J. F. Divine Tuesday.

PROCEEDINGS

Of County Sunday School Convention, Held at Texas, November 7.

The Washington County Sunday School Convention met at Texas, Ky., November 7, at 10 o'clock, a. m., and was opened with devotional exercises, led by the President, Rev. R. E. C. Lawson.

The following committees were appointed:

Resolutions and Future Work—C. B. Pope, Wm. Cocanougher.

Nominations—Rev. J. W. Campbell, C. R. Drugan.

The program for the day was then taken up. Rev. R. E. C. Lawson, in the absence of Rev. G. W. Lyon, discussed "The True Aim of Sunday School Work." Rev. J. W. Campbell, in a very able manner, discussed "The Relation of Pastor to the Sunday School." The President made a report of the house-to-house visitation, house department, cradle roll, and primary work.

The noon hour having arrived the convention was elegantly and bountifully entertained by the good people of the community. A most excellent picnic dinner was served on the ground.

Afternoon exercises were opened with song and prayer, conducted by Mr. C. B. Pope, after which Mr. Fox entertainingly told us what the Sunday School Association is and what it is trying to accomplish in 1907.

Rev. W. H. Williams being unavoidably hindered from attendance, the very important subject assigned to him, viz.: "How to Awaken and Maintain Interest in Bible Study," was very ably discussed by Rev. R. L. Purdom. Mr. E. A. Fox then very entertainingly and helpfully discussed "Teachers' Training."

A very creditable offering was made for the maintenance of the Association.

Committee on Resolutions making no report, the President thanked the people of Texas and community for their kindness to the convention and their excellent entertainment. The Committee on Nominations reported that same officers be elected for the ensuing year. The report was adopted.

The sweet music rendered by the singers of the village was much appreciated by the convention.

The convention adjourned at 3:30 p. m. ELLA D. SHAUNTY, Secretary.

SWEEPING THE HOUSE.

How to Prevent Making a Great Dust.

When you sweep a room raise as little dust as possible, because this dust when breathed irritates the nose and throat and may set up catarrh. Some of the dust breathed in dusty air reaches the lungs, making parts of them black and hard and useless. If the dust in the air you breathe contains the germs of consumption—tubercle bacilli—you run the risk of getting consumption yourself, says the Pittsburg Press.

To prevent making a great dust in sweeping use moist sawdust on bare floors. When the room is carpeted moisten a newspaper and tear it int small scraps and scatter these upon the carpet where you begin sweeping.

As you sweep brush the papers along with the broom, and they will catch most of the dust and hold it fast, just as the sawdust does on bare floors. Do not have either the paper or the sawdust dripping wet, only moist.

In dusting a room do not use a feather duster, because this does not remove the dust from the room, but only brushes it into the air so that you breathe it in or it settles down, and then you have to do the work over again.

Use soft, dry cloths to dust with and shake them frequently out of the window, or use slightly moistened cloths and rinse them out in water when you have finished. In this way you get the dust out of the room.

In cleaning rooms you should remember that dust settles upon the floor as well as on the furniture and is stirred into the air we breathe by walking over them.

You can easily remove all this dust in rooms which have bare floors—in houses, stores, shops, schoolrooms, etc.—after the dust has settled by passing over the floor a mop which has been wrung out so as to be only moist, not dripping wet.

How to Keep Well In Warm Weather

If you would be well in warm weather heed the following rules, says the Rochester Herald:

Moderation in eating and drinking.

Pure air, out of the house and within it.

Keep every vital organ in constant working order.

Take regular exercise every day in all weathers.

Sleep only from six to seven hours, going to bed early and rising early.

Daily baths, cold one day, warm the next.

Regular work and mental occupation.

Cultivate placidity, cheerfulness and hopefulness.

Control passion and nervous fear.

Strengthen the will in carrying out whatever is useful.

Check the craving for stimulants and anodynes.

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year

Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Mr. Alfred Cheschier, of Louisville, was here a few days last week.

—Mr. Jim Carothers, of Bardstown, spent several days here last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. M Burton, of Louisville, were here last week.

—Mr. George Abel, of Bardstown, was here last week on business.

—Mrs. Hugh Noe and children have returned from a ten days' stay with relatives in Harrodsburg.

—Mrs. A. R. Shultz spent a few days with Mrs. Bettie Murrey, of Lebanon, the first of the week.

—Miss Oliver McElroy has returned to her home in Campbellsville, after a visit at the home of Mr. Charles McWhorter.

—Mrs. Colvin, of Bardstown, attended the funeral of her brother-in-law, Mr. C. W. Epperson.

—Mrs. R. H. Shader entertained Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Marks and Miss Eddie Shader at six o'clock dinner Thursday.

—Mrs. Fred Grigsby is visiting her parents at Chaplin.

—Messrs. George Robertson, C. H. McIntire and J. L. Barber were in Lebanon Thursday night.

—Miss Roe Montgomery, of Lebanon, has returned home, after a visit to Miss Mabel Thompson.

—Mr. J. W. S. Clements, of Louisville, spent Sunday here.

—Miss May Buckman, of Louisville, spent several days with her mother at this place.

—Prof. Kesner was in Ohio last week on business.

—Mr. Will Thompson has returned from a visit to relatives in Texas.

—Miss Mattie Robertson has returned from a visit to Miss Hannon, of Louisville.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Sutherland have returned from a visit to Mr. Sutherland's brother, Rev. Ezra Sutherland, at Buffalo, Ky.

—Mr. L. O. McCarty spent Sunday in Louisville.

—Miss Lizzie Lee left Monday for Prospect to teach school.

—Mrs. Ralph Boldrick spent Monday with her mother, Mrs. George Boldrick, of Lebanon.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vance, of Cincinnati, are visiting Mrs. I. L. Janes.

—Miss Sallie Bosley and Mrs. Ben McElroy, of Lebanon, spent Monday with relatives here.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Medley are spending this week at Owensboro.

—Mr. G. C. Wharton is in Boyle county on business.

—Mrs. Leck Tong was in Lebanon Wednesday.

—Mrs. Thos. O'Bryan has been quite ill for several days, but she is reported better to-day.

Fox Ranch.

Taylor County Enquirer: In a small way Thomas Hodgen, the barber, has engaged in the novel undertaking of domesticating and raising foxes, both of the red and gray species. He has quite a number in his pasture now and is buying others as the opportunity offers. The most nimble hunters are now in the thickets seeking the sly varmints for Hodgen and he expects soon to have a large bunch of them on hand. Foxes are born with the instinct of thieves and Hodgen states that his tame ones absolutely refuse to eat when any one looks at them. He hasn't decided what he will do with his surplus stock, but will probably dispose of the same to the great fox hunting associations of the county.

REDUCTION IN MILLINERY

Owing to the fact that the season is advancing and I have a large line of Millinery in stock I am making a reduction in all lines. Call and get prices and inspect my stock, which consists of the latest in millinery.

WILLIAMS
MILLINERY.

Farmers!

Keep Your Feet DRY This Winter by Wearing



Footwear

Grundy & Mcintire
Springfield, Ky.

HARDESTY.

We are having some fine weather, and the farmers are busy gathering their corn.

Mrs. J. H. Gray and daughter, Miss Martha, spent Thursday with Mrs. Mollie Williams.

Mrs. Eliza Mitchell spent Wednesday with Mr. Walter Lewis and family.

Miss Ethel Hardesty spent Tuesday night with Miss Ethel Gray.

Miss Ella Shaunty spent Thursday night with Mr. S. P. Cheser and family.

Mr. Solomon Kays, wife and children spent Friday with Mrs. Kays' parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Cheser.

Mr. M. V. Sutherland returned home Sunday, after spending a week with his brother, D. B. Sutherland.

Messrs. Gilbert and Thurman Cheser attended the oyster supper at Willisburg Saturday night.

Miss Nora Goodlett returned home Saturday, after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. Will Shirley, at Willisburg.

Mr. Bill Taylor Cheser died at his home Thursday night of consumption. The deceased leaves a wife and eight children to mourn his death. The writer extends sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Mr. Clyde Goatley and Miss Bessie Drury drove to Rev. J. A. Sims Sunday afternoon and were quietly married. The groom is a son of Mr. Jim Goatley, a prosperous young farmer of the Valley Hill neighborhood. The bride is a daughter of Mrs. W. S. Y. Goodlett, a popular young lady of Hardesty. We wish them much happiness through life.

BLINCOE.

The farmers of our community are very busy gathering corn.

The health of our vicinity is fairly good at present, except Mrs. Della Newton, who has been suffering for several weeks with a severe attack of bronchitis, but with the assistance of our good physician, Dr. Frank Hamilton, she is slowly improving.

Mr. Othie Newton, who was called here by the illness of his mother, has returned to Louisville.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Blanford, of South Louisville, continue the guest of relatives here.

Miss Lounette Burnett returned home Sunday, after a two weeks' stay with relatives in Louisville and Highland Park.

Messrs. Bert Kidwell and Forest Cusick, Misses Florence Fields and Ida Filiatreau visited friends in Harrodsburg recently.

Miss Bessie Burks, who has been the guest of her sister in Louisville for several weeks, has returned home.

Mr. Jerome Nalley, who went to Clinton, Ill., several months ago, is visiting relatives here and says the Kentucky girls are good enough for him.

News is scarce around our village at present, so Mr. Editor please excuse this short letter.

Beating the Bryans.

By LESTER CORNING.

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"That woman is back again," snapped Mrs. Paulding. Her son smiled. "That" woman could be none other than Mrs. Bryan, the only person in Glendale who dared challenge Mrs. Paulding's pretensions to social leadership.

"They got in last night," said Fred mildly. "They had three weeks at the shore, two weeks in the mountains and a month in New York. They brought back a lot of things from there."

"And where did you get all this information?" demanded Mrs. Paulding in icy tones.

"Nancy," said Fred promptly. "I met her down at the postoffice and walked part of the way home with her."

"I wish you would remember that I do not like to have you speak to that loud person," said Mrs. Paulding fretfully. "Mrs. Beeman had the audacity to ask at the sewing circle the other afternoon if you were engaged to Nancy."

"There doesn't seem to be a chance for such luck," said Fred gloomily as he rose from the table. "Every time I ask her she reminds me how our respective mothers-in-law would love us."

"Every time?" echoed his astonished mother. "May I ask how many times you have lowered your dignity by proposing to that impudent girl?"

"About a hundred," was the easy response. "One of these days I'll catch her off her guard and she'll say 'Yes.'"

"I hope I may never live to see the day," said his mother dolefully.

"I hope you do," he said, with a laugh, as he bent and kissed the tightly compressed lips. "You'd like her, mumsey, if you didn't hate her mother so."

Fred slipped out of the room, and his mother could hear the rumble of his



"NANCY AND I WERE MARRIED HALF AN HOUR AGO."

laughter as he crossed the broad hall. For a time she sat with compressed lips as she pondered the situation. Until two years before she had queened it over the Glendale set both by virtue of her husband's business and political importance and because of her own skill as an entertainer. Then the new pulp mill had been started at the upper dam, and Renfew Bryan has brought his family to live in Glendale.

From the first the two women had crossed swords. Mrs. Bryan, who had humbly followed other leaders in the city, now asserted her right to the title in the small town, and by the brilliancy of her entertainments she had very nearly wrested social supremacy from her established rival before Mrs. Paulding had realized what was going on.

Her own entertainments became more ambitious, and for the last year the advantage had lain first with one and then the other. To have Fred fall a victim to Nancy Bryan was the worst blow she had sustained, and had she known that Nancy's mother was as furious as she at the turn affairs had taken she would have derived small comfort from that fact. In blissful ignorance of Mrs. Bryan's state of mind, she elected to believe it a move of that designing woman.

To add to the discomfort of the situation, she heard during the day that Mrs. Bryan was to celebrate her return by a garden party of unusual pretentiousness.

A number of her city friends were to make up a house party, and there was to be dancing on the lawn to the music of an orchestra famous throughout the state.

In her calmer moments Mrs. Paulding would have waited for revenge, but Fred's admission of his love angered her so that she lost her usual caution and announced a party for the same afternoon and evening. She engaged a brass band for the promenade music and arranged for a troupe of Arabian acrobats to perform on the lawn.

Glendale society was shaken to its foundations, and as each move was communicated to the other contestant through the medium of officious friends some new feature was added as an offset until it seemed that nothing short of the engagement of a circus could definitely settle the honors.

It was in this frame of mind that Mrs. Paulding approached her son.

"You know that automobile you wanted," she began at the breakfast table, "I'll get it for you if you can devise some feature that Mrs. Bryan cannot possibly get for her party. That woman has copied every idea I have originated so far."

"Do you give me carte blanche?" he demanded.

"Spend as much as you like," she murmured.

"And you won't ask what it is until I spring it?" he stipulated.

"I promise," she said. "I may rely upon you, Fred?"

"For the sensation of the season," he assured, "take heart of grace, mother mine. I am planning to shake Glendale to its very foundations."

Much relieved, Mrs. Paulding hurried to confide to her dearest friends that she would have a sensation that could not be equaled. This in due course was communicated to Mrs. Bryan, who worried much; but, since Mrs. Paulding did not herself know the nature of the surprise, she could not betray Fred's plans.

The day of the "double header," as Paulding irreverently referred to it, dawned bright and beautiful, and by 2 o'clock the festivities were under way. There were circus performances on both lawns, and honors seemed fairly even. Mrs. Paulding went about with a smile of confidence upon her face and with skillful references to her surprise kept curiosity up to pitch. The afternoon passed without the appearance of the surprise, and the dusk had gathered before Fred disappeared, and word was passed that he had gone to engineer the great event. An hour later the Paulding butler sought his mistress, and she vanished into the house.

She found Fred in the library, and with him was Nancy Bryan.

"I want to introduce you to the sensation," said Fred, with a laugh, as he led the girl forward. "Nancy and I were married half an hour ago."

"And this is your surprise?" she gasped.

"Could you have a greater one?" he asked. "Every one knows of the rivalry between you and Mrs. Bryan. If you turn your party into a wedding reception you'll beat Mrs. Bryan to a standstill. You've been bragging about your surprise. You pretend you knew it was coming all along, and the laugh is on Mrs. Bryan."

For a moment Mrs. Paulding hesitated. In some ways it was a bitter pill to swallow; but, as Fred had shown her, it was necessary to make the best of the situation. She stepped forward and took the bright faced girl in her arms.

"My dear," she said sincerely, "I am very glad to welcome my son's wife to her new home. Let us go out on the lawn. I will introduce you to my friends."

She turned toward the door, but paused as down the street there came the sound of a marching band.

"What is that," she asked—"more of the surprise?"

Paulding nodded his head. "It's the people from the Bryans coming to congratulate the bride!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Bryan was with us, but went home to tell his wife and invite the crowd over here. You have swallowed up Mrs. Bryan's party with your counter attractions. I guess I've kept my promise, haven't I?"

Mrs. Paulding patted the curly head. "You have kept your promise," she agreed. "You have shaken us all to our very foundations." Then, putting on her best smile, she led the way to the piazza to meet Mrs. Bryan at the head of her guests.

Genesis of the Hailstone.

If it were not for the countless trillions of dust particles that float, separately, invisible, in the atmosphere there could be no raindrops, snow crystals or hailstones. From a perfectly dustless atmosphere the moisture would descend in ceaseless rain without drops. The dust particles serve as nuclei about which the vapor gathers. The snow crystal is the most beautiful creation of the serial moisture, and the hailstone is the most extraordinary. The heart of every hailstone is a tiny speck of dust. Such a speck, with a little moisture condensed about it, is the germ from which may be formed a hailstone capable of felling a man or smashing a window. But first it must be caught up by a current of air and carried to the level of the lofty cirrus clouds, five or six or even ten miles high. Then, continually growing by fresh accessions of moisture, it begins its long plunge to the earth, spinning through the clouds and flashing in the sun like a diamond bolt shot from a rainbow.

Still He Wouldn't Reform.

This curious tale of old time spiritism is taken by Defoe from Baxter's (1615-1691) "Historical Discourse on Apparitions:" "There is now in London an understanding, sober, pious man, oft one of my hearers, who has an elder brother, a gentleman of considerable rank, who, having formerly seemed pious, of late years does often fall into the sin of drunkenness. He often lodges long together here in his mother's house, and whensoever he is drunk and has slept himself sober something knocks at his bed head, as if one rapped on the wainscot. When they remove his bed it follows him. Besides other loud noises on other parts where he is, that all the house hears, they have often watched him and tied his hands lest he should do it himself." But his mother declared that she had seen his shoes under the bed taken up and "nothing visible to touch them." The drunken sinner refused in spite of these solemn warnings to abandon his evil ways.

COOKING FOR THE SICK.

How the Professional Nurse Prepares Food For Her Patients.

Since sickness has a way of creeping into most families and since one never can tell when she may be forced from an ordinary diet down to beef tea and mutton broth, says the Boston Herald, it might not come amiss to know how such weak and watery food may be made in the best way possible, or, in other words, as the professional nurse makes it.

One point about beef tea is that it will curdle if too hot, and another is that it usually proves more attractive when served in a colored glass.

There are several ways of making it, all of which the professional nurse approves. One good method is to take a piece of round steak one inch in thickness and boil it for seven minutes. Then squeeze the meat in a lemon squeezer into a cup. Season the tea and serve at once.

Another method is to cut one pound of juicy round steak, free from fat, into small pieces, then put to soak in a cup of cold water for several hours. Squeeze the juice from the meat and strain it. This must be heated by setting the cup containing it into a pan of hot water. Season with a little salt and serve as soon as warm. Beef tea need not be warm, however, for when frozen, like ice cream, it makes another sickroom dish.

For chicken broth, remove the skin and fat from a young fowl and cut it into small pieces. Put it into a stewpan with one quart of cold water and heat it slowly for three or four hours. Then season the broth with salt and strain. When the patient is not too ill to have tapioca, sago or rice, add a tablespoonful of either after the soup has boiled for one hour.

How to Roast a Christmas Pig.

When roasting a pig for the Christmas dinner select one if possible that is not more than a month old and well filled out for his age. Put him in a big pan of cold water and wash thoroughly, taking care that his eye sockets, ears and throat are perfectly clean, says the Kansas City Times. Rinse and wipe dry. Make a stuffing as for a turkey. Rub over the inside salt, pepper and a suspicion of sage. Press in the stuffing, which must, by all means, have a small onion chopped in it, and then draw the skin together with a long needle and coarse thread. Roll the legs in oiled paper. Bend the fore feet under the body and press the hind feet backward, skewering all in place. Put the pig in a dripping pan, rub the skin with olive oil or butter, sprinkle with salt and dredge with flour. Put a piece of hard wood between his teeth to keep his mouth open, and set the pan in a good hot oven. Baste frequently with a little olive oil and then with the drippings. After the pig begins to brown cover each ear with a piece of waxed paper. Allow half an hour to each pound in baking. When almost done, take off the wrappings from ears and feet to let them crisp. When done take out carefully and lay on a bed of cress or white celery leaves on a large platter. Take out the skewers, remove the wood from the mouth and insert a small red apple or ear of corn. Hang a necklace of strung cranberries or parsley about his neck and send to the table. Always serve tart apple sauce with roast pork or goose, as such rich meat needs an acid sauce to make the fat more digestible.

How to Take Care of the Skin.

There really is no necessity for one letting blackheads appear on the face, enlarged pores or not, if the face is kept clean. That requires monthly steaming and massage and careful bathing every night. Blackheads are nothing more than an animal life that has been engendered by dirt. If they once get a hold on the skin, strenuous efforts must be made to remove them. Squeeze out the little seed with the finger tips after having given the face a massage with cold cream, which will make the task of removing the acne a simple one. Next bathe the sac with hydrozone to prevent any possible soreness. If this fails to remove them, a more radical cure is to apply every night a lotion made of two ounces of brandy, one ounce of cologne and one-half ounce of liquor of potassium. This usually has a most satisfactory result.

How to Clean Window Shades.

We have all heard the story of the woman who told the new maid to wash the curtains, meaning the lace ones, and came into the kitchen just in time to discover the newest window shades melting in the boiler. But we do not all know that when shades are merely dust soiled the surface can be freshened by the application of hot cornmeal. The shade should first be spread out flat on a large table and the meal rubbed in with a circular motion of the palm. Then, if rubbed gently with a soft, dry cloth the meal and the dust it has absorbed will be removed without leaving any trace of either.

How to Please the Invalid.

Small glasses filled with jelly will prove to be acceptable gifts when Christmastide comes. When making your own supply of jelly fill a few little glasses and store them away on the preserve shelf. At Christmas time several of these little glasses of jelly of different flavors, put into a prettily trimmed basket or box, will make a nice gift for an invalid friend.

How to Keep Your Umbrella.

Mark your umbrella with your full name and address. Borrowers will take no pleasure in its possession. Take artists' white tube paint and put it on blotting paper to remove the oil. Transfer it to a palette, thin a little with turpentine, and apply with a steel pen.

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A New Way to Propose.

[Original.]

Roland Nason prided himself on being original. Conventional methods were irksome to him. When the time came for him to go to Louise Allinson's father to ask for her hand he disdained to put the case in the ordinary way—viz. "I love your daughter and will do my best to make her happy." He had a way of his own of making his proposition.

Entering the library, he found Mr. Allinson with his evening paper, smoking. There was some of the trepidation usual to such situations in the young man's breast, but he did not show it. On the contrary, he assumed a very careless manner. He was little known to the man to whom he made his application, though he had been for some time devoted to his daughter. This is not strange. Even a couple courting really know little of each other, for they invariably assume to be what they are not and seldom disabuse each other till after they are married and come down from acting parts to life's real drama. Meanwhile their parents, unless the two families have been intimate, know less of their prospective son and daughter in law than the couple know of each other.

Without giving Mr. Allinson even an opportunity to speak a civil word by way of welcome Nason began to state his case.

"I have come, sir," he said, "to tell you that your daughter loves me and has set her heart on me. It does not matter that I may be unworthy of her or that I cannot, at least not now, maintain her in the style to which she has been accustomed. I know that she has always been given what she has wanted. She wants me, and I don't doubt that you will not refuse her. I have the honor to ask that you will give me to her."

Mr. Allinson when the young man began laid down his paper, took his cigar from between his lips and sat with it between his first and second fingers. There was no readable expression on his face. Indeed, it was impenetrable. It was some time after the request had been made before he moved; then he resumed his cigar, gave a few deliberate puffs and, again lowering it, said:

"You are quite right in assuming that my daughter has always been given what she has desired. No other course has been possible. From her earliest childhood she has dominated every one of her family by an iron will which would get anything she wished out of a brazen image. It doesn't matter that you can't afford to give her luxuries. She will have them so long as you have a cent left. Then after she has exhausted your resources she will doubtless come back upon me. Her marriage with you, however, will enable me to make an escape. The day that you are married I propose to take her mother abroad, and we shall fix our residence in some corner of the globe where your wife will not be able to find us. This is the happiest day I have known since the little curmudgeon was born. How soon can you arrange to be married?"

As Mr. Allinson proceeded with his catalogue of terrors young Nason looked for some indication that he was speaking in jest. But there was not the slightest evidence of anything of the kind—no twinkle in the eye, no curve of the lips. And when he had finished he breathed a sigh, as if having shifted a great burden.

"Do you really mean that Louise is"—

"I am not so dishonorable as to permit a young man just starting in life to put his neck in a yoke without informing him of the facts. Louise is capable, attractive, and there is nothing mean about her. But you must be prepared when you marry her to give up the last vestige of independence. She will rule you as she has ruled me with a rod of iron."

"She has never shown"—

"No, she has not shown her defect to you. As you say, she wants you. She will have you. She has the sense not to give you a foretaste of what is to come. But should one of her cyclones get the better of her discretion that would make no difference in the end. She has set her heart on having you, and nothing can save you from her."

"Really," twitching nervously, "this is astonishing."

"Let me know," added the prospective father-in-law, taking up his paper, "at what date the wedding is to take place. My daughter will desire to make a splendid affair of it, and by way of preparation I must get in some loans I have out."

Having thus put an end to the interview, Mr. Allinson began to scan the news and Nason withdrew. Louise was waiting for him in another room, but he slunk out of the front door and vanished down the street. Louise, surprised, went to the library.

"Hasn't Roland been here, papa?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And you have refused? Have you sent him away?"

"Not at all. He chose an original way of making his request, and I chose an original way of granting it."

"What did you tell him?"

"That you would rule him with a rod of iron."

"Why, papa!"

"All women rule, whether by a rod of iron or of flowers. Never mind, little girl. If he's not a fool he will come back."

He never came back, and Louise soon became satisfied to have him remain away. She married a far better man.

LOUISE C. FARRELL.

How to Manage an Oil Stove.

To take care of an oil stove, thoroughly clean and refill every time after using. If you allow oil and dirt to accumulate on it, it is sure to smell unpleasant when lighted. Don't cut the wick, but rub off the charred parts with a rag or a piece of paper. Always turn the wick down before extinguishing it and leave turned down till you are going to light it again. Remember that the top of the part up and down which the wick runs needs to be kept thoroughly clean. Give it a rub inside and outside every time you clean the stove, and if a crust forms round the top scrape it occasionally.

How to Clean Japanese Furniture.

To clean Japanese furniture mix together one pint of strong cold tea, one pint of linseed oil, the whites of two eggs and two ounces of spirits of salt. Put these into a bottle and shake well to insure all the ingredients being thoroughly mixed. Take a pad of old soft linen, pour a few drops on to this after well shaking the bottle and then polish it up with an old silk handkerchief.

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Surprising Semple.

By WILLIAM F. BRYAN.

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"Mrs. Greer will look after the canary, but you will surely look after the plants, won't you?" pleaded Mrs. Semple. "Those plants are such beauties it would be a pity to have them die."

"They won't," assured Semple. "One pint to each plant. I remember."

"You're a dear!" she exclaimed. "It's awfully good of you. Ned, to let me go when you won't even have a teeny vacation yourself. I feel almost ashamed of myself leaving you all alone in the hot city."

"You have the time of your life," ordered Semple. "I'll be all right. Don't you worry about me."

"I have such a surprise for you," she said, smiling through the tears that filmed her eyes. "I want you to write and tell me just how you like it."

"What's the surprise? I'll bet it's a cat."

"Better than that and not half the trouble," she declared.

"There's my train being called. It's a shame they will not let you pass the gate. Kiss me again, dear, and do be careful of yourself."

Ned Semple kissed her not once, but half a dozen times. He worshiped this dainty little woman who had lifted him out of bachelordom and boarding houses and had made home a bit of paradise on earth. He hated to give her up for a whole six weeks, but he could not get away from town himself, and she needed the rest and change.

He waited until the train pulled out of the station and went back to the hot and stuffy office. It was no hardship to work when he worked for her, and there were certain deals that could not be neglected. If these deals went through they would both go to Europe next year, and the occasional problem of where the money for bills was to be found would be solved.

He remained at the office later than usual to make up for the time he had lost over their last lunch together. The occasional charwoman only made the desolation of the huge office building seem more pronounced. The elevators stopped at 8, and it was after 9 when he descended interminable flights of steps, and the sense of depression grew upon him.

In the street the open cars whizzed past crowded with tired workers who found in the speeding trolleys the breeze that could not be coaxed into their stuffy rooms. Whole families filled some of the cross benches, and Semple thought regretfully of how only two nights before he and Alida had taken a ride in the cool of the evening, going clear to the end of the run and stopping at the restaurant for a bite to eat.

He did not feel hungry tonight, though he had had no dinner. He left the car at his corner and crept up the stairs to his apartment.

By this time he was thoroughly blue, and the darkness of the place crowned his misery. As he opened the hall door he seemed to hear her voice call a cheery "Good evening, dear. I hope you had an easy day. Did you?"

Could it be possible, he asked himself, that Alida had come back? She might be hiding in one of the closets. He lighted the gas in every room but he could find no trace of her save in the orderly neatness which worked all for his comfort.

He went back to the parlor and puffed thoughtfully at his pipe. In his low nervous state but one explanation of the phenomenon was suggested. Alida was dead, and in her love she had come to greet him. So thoroughly wrought up did he become that he telephoned the railroad company to ask if the train had been wrecked.

The response did not seem to soothe his ruffled feelings if it did reassure his anxiety, and at last he went to bed, only to toss restlessly. Sleep did not come until absolute physical exhaustion closed his eyes.

It seemed scarcely five minutes before the alarm clock rang, and he dragged himself out of bed. Alida had left coffee and crackers and condensed milk in the house, and he sipped a cup of coffee while he searched the morning paper for news of a wreck.

He could find nothing of the sort, and at last he started for the office. As he opened the door Alida's voice rang in his ears again: "Goodby, dear. I hope you have luck today."

It was what she always said, and, although it did not sound exactly like her voice, there was no mistaking certain tricks of speech. He hastily closed the door and hurried down the steps. There was a telegraph office at the corner, and he sent a telegram asking her to wire her safe arrival. In the office building was the booth of another company, and he sent a second dispatch. She was not due at her destination for a full two hours yet, and he could not hope to receive a message before noon, but he paced the office impatiently, unable to concentrate his attention upon anything except the lagging hands of the clock.

At last the blue uniformed boy appeared with a yellow envelope and departed richer by a half dollar tip. He was back in an hour with another message that ran: "Both telegrams received. Telegraphed upon arrival. Of course nothing is the matter."

The assurance brought contentment, and that afternoon Semple put through an important deal. In his elation he dined at their favorite restaurant, and it was late when he reached home. The same ghostly voice greeted him and dashed his pleasure. He moodily smoked his pipe until late, and the unusual allowance of tobacco wrought further havoc upon his tired nerves.

The natural result was a dream in which he vividly saw Alida swathed in bandages, alternately calling to him and begging the attendants not to let him know her peril lest it interfere with the consummation of his plans.

It was clear that in her longing for him her spirit projected itself through space and that same self denial which had led her to keep back the news of her danger led her to give the old familiar greeting and farewell. Her spirit must be in the room.

On the way to the office he telegraphed her that he knew something must be wrong and that unless he received definite information at once he would leave on the next train.

The answer was a dual one. In addition to a long telegram his chum Ben Bradley put in an appearance. Bradley fenced for awhile with small talk, but at last he came to the point.

"Do you feel all right, old man?" he asked anxiously. "I had a wire from your wife. She seemed to think something was wrong."

"I am all right," said Semple wearily. "I've been nervous and dispirited and I got imagining things, I guess."

He could not tell even Bradley what he feared, but he was at last convinced that all was well with Alida, and he was content.

Bradley turned up after office hours that evening and carried him off to dinner. "Mrs. Bradley is visiting friends in the country today," he explained, "and I need company. I'll come around to your apartments afterward, and we'll have a good old time chat."

Semple brightened visibly at the suggestion, and when at last they reached home he opened the door confidently. His face went ghastly white as the voice floated out upon the air. He turned to see if Bradley had heard.

Bradley stood there with a smile upon his face. "That's a great idea, isn't it?" was his surprising comment.

"What's an idea?" asked Semple vaguely.

"Why, that phonograph," explained Bradley. "It's a German invention to be used in stores. When the door opens the phonograph announces the bargains of the day. A little alteration fixed this one so that the two messages could be given, one in the morning and the other when you came home. I was telling Mrs. Semple about it the night she was over to see my wife, and she had it fixed up as a surprise for you. I bet it was a startler, wasn't it?"

"It was," said Semple dryly, wondering how near to insanity he had been. "It was a decided surprise." Then he added to himself, "Now that I know it's going to be a comfort too."

The Dry Falls of Lodore.

Southey's description of Lodore has given to that charming friend of holiday days a reputation which is a little unfortunate. It has brought to its course worshipers from afar, when there has not been a cupful of water to perform as much as the meanest of feats which the poet describes. One such visitor was an American. He had seen Niagara again and again. He read Southey on the wonders of Lodore and once more visited the vast cataract of his native land. Then, feeling that, after all, Niagara must be very small potatoes compared with the falls of which the poet had sung, he came to England in quest of Lodore, resolved to consecrate his holiday to the contemplation of its beauties and grandeur. He set out the moment he reached Keswick and long walked and toiled over rocks and bowlders. He could not find the falls. He rested and asked a native, "Can you direct me to the falls of Lodore?" "Why, you're a-settin' on 'em," was the heartbreaking answer. The falls of all the adjectives were dry!—St. James' Gazette.

Our Flight Through Space.

Vega is the star toward which our sun is ceaselessly rushing through the infinite regions of space, carrying the earth and all of the other planets with him. Though we are pursuing this journey at the speed of eleven miles a second, so that at the end of each day we are almost 1,000,000 miles nearer the star than we were at the beginning, yet at least 1,000,000 years will elapse before we overtake and drift past this great sun. Were the life of man on earth not so short, how wonderfully would he see the face of the heavens change as he passed through our universe of stars. The Great Dipper, the Northern Cross and even the Milky Way itself would appear to take new forms as he passed on and viewed them from a different direction, and as he drew near the blue star Vega, a sun enormously larger and hotter than our own, it would shine out with extraordinary brilliancy.

To the Point.

In a Tennessee court an old colored woman was put on the witness stand to tell what she knew about the annihilation of a hog by a railway train.

Being sworn, she was asked if she had seen the train kill the hog in question.

"Yes, sah, I seed it."

"Then," said counsel, "tell the court in as few words as possible just how it occurred."

"Yo' honor," responded the old lady, "I shore kin tell yo' in a few words. It jes' tooted an' tuck him."—Cleveland Leader.

Virtue Unrewarded.

"Oh, hang it! Here I come home sober and my wife's so fast asleep she doesn't notice it at all!"—Meggendorfer Blatter.

THE MODERN BIG GUN

Its Making Involves a Sequence of Mechanical Wonders.

HOW ARTILLERY IS BUILT UP

Boring the Monster Tube, Wrapping on the Hundred Miles of Wire and Fitting the White Hot Steel Jacket on a Twelve Inch Weapon.

It takes a big thought to grasp the immensity of the famous Tyneside hive of industry, Elswick works, says the People's Journal. The area covered by this huge concern is equal to that of many a fair sized town. The employees, 20,000, are a whole population in themselves. For a full mile along the northern bank of the Tyne stretch workshop on workshop.

From the moment you put your foot inside the first department you realize you are in a veritable museum of mechanical wonders.

"Here is a gun being bored," your guide announces, and you accompany him over to the huge lathe to see the process and at the same time gather some vastly interesting information as to how artillery is built up.

One of the first things done to these ponderous weapons is the hollowing out of the bore. This, as may be imagined, is not the work of an hour. With the finest machinery in the world it required an average of eighteen days to pierce a ten yards long steel muzzle with a twelve inch bore, grooved slantwise.

To see the gun tube, weighing anything up to sixty tons, fixed into the lathe is itself most interesting. To manipulate the larger pieces two hydraulic cranes are used. These cranes work overhead and run on rollers bedded in the side supports. Electricity supplies the working power. With the huge load fixed, smoothly, almost silently, it swung majestically into the air and carried along in whatever direction is required. Before you have done speculating as to what may happen if that mighty load comes crashing down on top of you you hear the order "Lower!" and down comes the sixty tons of steel with the ease and grace of sixty pounds of feathers. But a still greater marvel awaits you in the next department to which you are conducted. Here you learn something of the process of gun wrapping. The wire with which modern artillery is wrapped is of the finest steel, that, like the mainspring of a clock, and a full hundred miles of it are required to wrap a twelve inch gun. The figures are somewhat surprising—wire enough to stretch in a straight line from Newcastle to Edinburgh used on one single cannon!

Wire seems a weak substance to use in connection with artillery. In point of fact wired guns are the strongest in existence. The rifled steel tube you saw in the department just left is capable of withstanding a pressure of forty-five tons; wired, the tensile resistance will equal 110 tons, and projectiles may be fired from it at the rate of three a minute without the slightest fear of the gun bursting.

The wire is wrapped on to the tube in the same way as thread is wound round a bobbin. The huge coil is fixed overhead, and as the powerful machinery revolves layer after layer is wound round the gun taut as if cast on and smooth and level as veneering. Think of it! One hundred miles of steel wire, springy as quicksilver, guided automatically by machinery, and a strand lapping by the thousandth part of an inch!

Even now, however, that gun is in quite an embryo stage. It has about a dozen further processes to go through before it is ready to hand over to the government that has ordered it or sent to the stock room, where many hundreds of guns of all sizes and patterns are kept ready for immediate sale to anybody wanting them.

You leave the turning shop and presently find yourself in front of what your guide declares to be furnaces, but which you think would be better described as infernos. You are surprised to learn that these furnaces are heated by gas, and on inquiring the reason you are told that it is for the sake of purity and cleanliness. The grit and dirt from any kind of fuel would ruin the work done at these furnaces. And what is that work? Putting on the outer jacket of the gun—just a little matter to buoy up those miles of wire and inches of forged steel within that again.

Presently there is a commotion. Something opens somewhere. There is a terrific glare, and the temperature goes suddenly up to—well, something rather warm. Then a crane is set in motion, something you can faintly see grips something else you don't wish to look at—it is so suggestive of the sun within ten yards of you—and before you well know what it all means the white hot steel jacket is being fitted on the gun barrel reared alongside. When that jacket cools it will fit considerably tighter than the garments of a growing boy, though that is an afterthought which comes to you when you have got into cooler regions. Interesting as it is, the process of investing a gun with its jacket is too sultry for the unprepared visitors to stand much of, and you hasten outside to where goggles and leg pads are not necessary.

A gun complete, with all its fixings exactly as if it were in a fort or aboard a ship, is awaiting your inspection. If you did not know before that a modern gun is a marvel, you certainly grasp that fact now. When you have finished wondering and admiring you ask for figures and particulars. You learn that the gun is a twelve inch one; its length, with the breech piece, is forty-five feet; its total weight, with all its mountings, 450 tons.

All you see from the outside of the steel shell tower is the long muzzle pointing suggestively out of the forward embrasure. The armor plating of these walls of steel varies in thickness from eight to twelve inches. You enter the stronghold by a heavy steel door in the rear. You now observe that the gun is erected on supports over a pit thirty-five or forty feet deep. This pit exactly corresponds with the position the gun will occupy when mounted aboard ship. The machinery you see at the rear of the gun is an ammunition hoist and hydraulic apparatus for working the gun. As you contemplate these you can scarcely help wondering how warriors got along in the days of ramrods, lanyards and cannon balls less in size than the average turnip! But mark the marvels of modern gunnery! You touch a handle, and, with an ease that astounds you, down drops the muzzle of the mammoth piece. You release another handle, and, with the simplest possible movement so far as you are concerned, the entire gun mountings begin to revolve in a circle. A similar simple touch will send the huge projectile on its journey of four or five miles to strike and pierce twelve inch armor plate.

"Hydraulics," your guide laconically explains. "Magic" fits in better with your private ideas. Even the ammunition hoist works automatically. Should a shot unfortunately damage its mechanism it can still be worked by hand. A miracle of mechanics, a wonder of adaptation!

TRY TO LIVE LONG.

Bargain With Death and Win All the Years You Can.

No one of us is so poor or so unworthy that he is not ready to bargain with death. Let the specter name his price and we give up our loves and our tobacco with equal promptness. He may have our fortunes and our homes, our pride and our achievements and aspirations—yea, even our eyes and ears—if he will but smile upon our prayers. Let him so command and we will abide in the wilderness, we will find comfort in husks, we will lie down with the beasts of the field. Better even a browsing Nebuchadnezzar than a moldering Hercules.

It is needless to tell us that death is an arch grafter. We know with whom we are dealing, and we know, too, that he grins in his sleeve at our eagerness to delay the inevitable. What to him are ten more years or fifty years or fifty centuries? Had Sargon, the mighty ruler of the Babylonian world, secured a respite of 5,000 years he would even so have been in his grave for more than a century when Richard of England led the crusaders to the walls of Jerusalem.

An old legend tells us that when Methuselah was 500 years old an angel came to him and advised him to build a house instead of living in the open air, as he had been doing up to that time. The patriarch asked how much longer he had to live. "About 500 years," answered the angel. "Then," said Methuselah, "it is not worth while to build a house."

By this token Methuselah proved himself a pessimist. To Azrael a thousand years may be as yesterday, but it is not for us to follow the example of our antediluvian forefather and view existence through the eyes of death. Every moment added to our earthly tenure is regarded as that much again. The monk Hildesheim, listening to God in the melody of a bird for a space of three minutes, found that in those three minutes 300 years had flown. And so to each of us life means always the possibility of joy and revelation unmeasured by time or space. Therefore let us bargain with death. True, he will claim us at last, but we shall have had the better of the bargain.—Lippincott's.

What Is Happiness?

"What is happiness?" asks James Bryce in the Atlantic. "Is it pleasure, and, if so, what is pleasure? Aristotle gave us a definition of pleasure, or, rather, perhaps a description, since the logicians say that you cannot define an ultimate fact which has not been much improved upon. It is not, however, psychological definitions that need concern us, but rather this question, which occupied the utilitarian school seventy years ago, whether the pleasures taken in the aggregate as constituting happiness are to be subjected to a qualitative as well as a quantitative analysis. Shall we measure them by the intensity by which they are felt or by the fineness and elevation of the feeling to which they appeal? Is the satisfaction which Pericles felt in watching the performance of a drama of Sophocles at an Athenian festival greater or less than the satisfaction which one of his slaves felt in obtaining a jar of wine?"

Lungs That Are Starved.

It is a fact that most of us are victims of our own lazy respiration and deprive ourselves of oxygen that is so necessary if we would keep our bodies at their highest point of efficiency. Oxygen is absolutely necessary to the existence of animal life. Man gets oxygen from air breathed into his lungs. Besides introducing oxygen into the blood, the lungs act as excretory organs, removing undesirable elements from the system at each expiration. In ordinary or unconscious breathing only 10 to 13 per cent of the air in the lungs is changed at each breath, leaving 80 to 90 per cent of the lung capacity filled with stale air. Forced or conscious breathing of pure air ventilates the lungs, driving out the 80 to 90 per cent of the stationary or stale air. All bedroom windows and doors should be wide open during sleep, thus connecting the lungs directly with pure air of the outside world.—Delineator.

List of fine Farms FOR SALE

No. 201. Farm, 128 acres, one mile South of Texas, good 4 room dwelling, good barn, well fenced. Price $2,000.

No. 203. Farm, 100 acres, good land, 3-4 mile from Lebanon on Danville pike; all good land, well fenced and watered. Price $50 per acre.

No. 204. Farm, 166 acres, situated 5 miles north of Springfield, good dwelling and barns, mostly in grass. Price $50 per acre.

No. 205. Farm, 130 acres, situated 7 miles west of Springfield, good dwelling and barn, good corn and tobacco land, all lies well. Price $16 per acre.

206. 187-acre farm seven miles from Springfield. Good dwelling house, 2 barns, well fenced and watered. Price $3,700.

207. 52-acre farm, located 1½ miles southwest of Springfield. Good dwelling, barn and all other outbuildings. Improvements new and in first class repair. Price $5,000.

208 1-2. 90 acre farm 4½ miles from Springfield, all good land. Six room dwelling, stock and tobacco barn, wire fenced. All the land in a high state of cultivation and lies well. Price $60 per acre.

208. 100 acre farm 3½ miles from Springfield, small dwelling house and good barn, wire fenced and mostly in grass. Price $2,000.

209. 300-acre farm near Willisburg, Ky. Good 5-room dwelling, barn, all lies well. Mostly in grass. Price $40 per acre.

210. 108 acre farm located 8 miles west of Springfield. Good house and barn, well fenced and watered. Near railway station. Price $3,500.

212. 100-acre farm located 7 miles from Springfield. Good small house and barn, 50 acres in bluegrass. Price $1,500.

213. 380-acre farm 2 1-2 miles from town. All lies well and is good land. Good improvements of every kind, fine woodland around dwelling. Price $40 per acre.

214. 200-acre farm tour miles from Springfield. Good improvements, land all lies well. Price $65 per acre.

215. 103-acre farm located 9 miles northeast of Springfield. 35 acres of tobacco land, two barns. $30 per acre.

218. 210-acre farm near Mackville, Ky. Good farm, all lies well, mostly in grass. Price $50 per acre.

219. 140-acre farm. 40 acres creek bottom. All upland new land. Small house and good tobacco barn. Price $45 per acre.

220. 100-acre farm located 8 miles east of Springfield. Small house and good barn. Price $2,600.

221. 191-acre farm located 6 miles north of Springfield. All lies well, good improvements. $35 per acre.

222. 125 acre farm all in grass, good improvements of every kind. Price $50 per acre.

223. 130-acre farm 6 miles west of Springfield, all good land, good dwelling house and barns. $60 per acre.

224. 100-acre farm located near Mackville, Ky. Good dwelling, two barns. Price $3,000.

225. 140-acre farm located 4½ miles from Springfield. All good land, lying well. Good house and barn and well fenced. Price $45 per acre.

226. 350-acre farm located 3 miles south of Springfield. Good improvements of every kind. Price right.

227. 200-acre farm 3 miles from Springfield. Good house and barn and all other outbuildings. Land all lies well, is under good fence and is in the best of shape. It is a good place and is a desirable home. $50 per acre.

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How to Drive a Nail.

At last the secret of driving a nail without profanity and without pain is out, says the Locomotive Engineering. Practice alone will not accomplish it. You must fix your mind on the nail. When you drive a nail into a board what do you do? Do you trust to luck that the swinging hammer above your head shall come down in the right place? Do you concentrate your thoughts on the hammer circling in the air? No; you concentrate your thoughts and eyes square on the head of the nail you want to hit, and, no matter where your hammer is or what curves it describes in the air, if your intense thought is on the spot where the blow should fall, there it will fall. If your thoughts wabble and are uncertain you will miss the nail or drive it sidewise.

How to Cure Summer Complaint.

To cure children of summer complaint tie a quarter of a pound of wheat flour in a thick cloth and boil it in a quart of water for three hours; then remove the cloth and expose the flour to the air or heat until it is hard and dry; grate from it, when wanted, a tablespoonful, which put into half a pint of new milk and stir over the fire until it comes to a boil, when add a pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of cold water and serve. This gruel is excellent for children afflicted with summer complaint. Or brown a tablespoonful of flour in the oven or on top of the stove on a baking tin; feed a few pinches at a time to a child.

How to Feed Dogs.

A man who has been very successful raising thoroughbred dogs, especially of the large breeds, gives this recipe for a most nourishing and economical dog food: Procure a soup bone and boil as for soup. When all the juice has been extracted take the bone from the broth, remove the meat, chop fine and return to the soup. Stir in sufficient cornmeal to make a thick mush and set aside to cool. When cold cut in slices and feed to the dogs as required. Vegetables, such as cabbages and beets, are valuable additions. Each dog should have a large beef bone to gnaw daily to keep his teeth in good condition.

How to Make Cut Glass Sparkle.

To make cut glass brilliant, rinse it with a little alcohol, says the Pittsburg Press. If not enough alcohol is on hand to pour over the glass, rub it with a cloth wet with alcohol, squeezing it into the cuts. Then rub the dish inside and out with a damp cloth, and it will shine as effectively as it did when new. Another method of gaining this luster for cut glass is to clean it with finely powdered chalk and a brush, and it is also accomplished by using a good silver polish and cleaning in the same way as the silver is ordinarily cleaned.

FOR AGENTS—AN OPPORTUNITY

"The Old World And Its Ways"

By William Jennings Bryan

NOW READY FOR SOLICITORS

576 Imperial Octavo Pages. 251 Superb Engravings from Photographs taken by Col. Bryan.

Recounts his trip around the world and his visits to all nations. The greatest book of travel ever written. The most successful book of this generation. 25,000 called for in 90 days. Write us for sample reports of first 80 agents employed. The people buy it eagerly. The agent's harvest. Outfit FREE—Send fifty cents to cover cost of mailing and handling.

THE THOMPSON PUBLISHING CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Heartburn Comes From the Stomach

The heart is an organ that people are not inclined to trifle with, but a person may have fluttering of the heart, heartburn and similar troubles and yet have a perfectly sound heart. Nine times out of ten the disorder comes from the stomach through dyspepsia, constipation or some other digestive ailment.

So instead of taking "heart cures" or other such things that contain stimulants and narcotics, take a harmless but positive remedy like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin which will correct the digestive disorder and in that way cure the so-called heart trouble. The remedy is guaranteed to do this, and you can obtain it of any druggist in 50 cent and $1 bottles. As there are about 150 doses to the latter the cure will cost you but a few cents.

The experience of Mrs. Knight, of Bellview, Tenn., in this regard should be of interest to all who suffer from heartburn, etc. She writes that for five years she suffered from indigestion and constipation, from fainting spells, fluttering at the heart and heartburn. She couldn't eat meat or anything seasoned with meat. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin was recommended to her and after a few doses the indigestion and constipation was relieved and the fainting spells and heart trouble soon disappeared. She takes a dose of the remedy after eating and now never feels any ill effects no matter what she eats. It would be well for those who suffer in this way to do as she did and be cured.

There is no question that Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the best tonic laxative and digestant at the disposal of the American people. It is made in action and pleasant to taste, never gripes. It is the ideal remedy for stomach, liver and bowel complaints, and owing to its gentle action is especially to be recommended to children, women and others who cannot stand the violence and griping of salts, purgatives and cathartic tablets.

FREE TEST These wishing to try Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin before buying can have a free sample bottle sent to their home by addressing the company. This offer is to prove that the remedy will do as we claim, and is only open to those who have never taken it. Send for it if you have any symptoms of stomach, liver or bowel disease. Send for the most effective laxative for children, women and old folks. A guaranteed, permanent home cure. THE PUBLIC VERDICT: "No Laxative So Good and Sure as DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN." This product bears purity guarantee No. 17, Washington, D. C.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO.

119 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

RED CROSS DRUG STORE.

With All His Faults.

By ETHEL BARRINGTON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

"Jealousy eats into happiness as acid destroys linen," declared Katherine sententiously.

"Despite which epigram you will marry Kenneth Hadley," scoffed her friend. The two girls had paused at the corner of the street, where Katherine intended taking a car. It was not in sight, so she turned to finish the discussion.

"Why not?" she asked. "I am not the woman to give ground for jealousy, while Kenneth, on his part, knows I would never forgive unjust suspicion, which is what jealousy amounts to. Real love insures perfect trust and faith."

"With some natures, possibly. But Kenneth Hadley could no more help being jealous where he loves than he could stop breathing and live," retorted Mildred. "Why, at the Meresdale euchre party every one but you could see"—

"Then he must have concealed his feelings admirably," declared Mr. Hadley's fiancee, "for he said nothing to me."

"Some day he will."

Katherine Felix shook her head.

"Doubt is degrading, and happiness cannot exist in its atmosphere, Mildred. I'll be frank. Kenneth and I did once have a wretched understanding which came near separating us. I warned him then that such scenes would kill whatever sentiment I cherished for him. In becoming his wife I do not relinquish my individuality. He takes me, as I accept him, a soul-mate, giving to him a closer intimacy than to any other, yet with natural reservations. We come into the world alone, depart alone. So must there always be silent places in our lives to which even the nearest can have no key."

Her friend, unconvinced, started to say goodby, but returned impulsively to the charge.

"Theoretically, Katherine, there is truth in your argument. Jealousy is no temptation to you. Should you meet Kenneth walking with a girl I doubt if it would occur to you to even ask her name. Your error is making secrets of nothing"—

The other's eye flashed resentfully.

"You say that because I would not tell you where I am going now."

"Nonsense! It's none of my affair. But suppose you had met Mr. Hadley instead?"

"I should have declined to explain." Then, the emergency of her errand recurring to her mind, she added: "Here comes my car. Goodby, Mildred. I wonder if it would not have been better had Kenneth met you first; you would have yielded to his exactions so graciously." With a smile at the other's indignant protest, she motioned to the motorman.

Reaching her destination, she entered a large manufacturing establishment. Sending in her card to the advertising manager, she was at once shown into his private office.

Half an hour later, returning home, she encountered Hadley, who plainly showed his delight at the unexpected meeting.

"What luck brings you to this part of town?" he inquired.

"Business," was the light response.

"Which, in woman's vocabulary, means pleasure." A quick look showed he was conscious of the evasion, though he did not press the point. "Wish I could return with you, but an appointment forbids. How dusty it is! Give me your handkerchief, Kathe. There's a rude black smudge dangerously near your eye."

Katherine laughed and, feeling for her handkerchief without success, remarked that she must have dropped it somewhere, adding, "Use yours." At his compliance she thanked him, nodded goodby and was gone.

She was seated at the piano drawing soft melody from its keys in the mellow light of the shaded lamp when Hadley arrived. He watched her for some moments before she discovered his presence. Then she swung round gayly on the stool, with extended hands.

"Come and kiss me, which ceremony you omitted when we last met."

As he crossed toward her something in his expression made the girl draw back from the invited caress.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"I've brought back your property," he tossed a crumpled bit of linen into her lap. A large K embroidered showed conspicuously in one corner.

"My handkerchief! Thanks! Where did you find it?"

"You ask that? Tell me rather what takes my promised wife to visit Charles Truax."

"I answer no question put in such a tone."

"It is my right to know. The man's eyes took angry measure of her resistance. "I put the same question this afternoon, and you evaded it. I thought when you insisted on your rights and privileges that your little secrets were no concern of mine. What do I find? That you have been closeted in the private office of a married man, an old flame of yours. Truax refused an explanation. What have you to say? A woman of leisure, you cannot plead business in a factory as an excuse."

"You go too far"—

"No; it is you! I love you as my life, and you drive me mad with doubts. Knowing my weakness, you play upon it. I will have the truth, or"—

Katherine's face, gazing white and passionless in his arrested him. "Kathe," he pleaded, "I can't stand it. Right or wrong, you must have no secrets from me. It's torture"—

"Argument is useless, Kenneth"—Katherine's voice was as cold as her look—"quite useless. If I told you this, there would be something else tomorrow. I am not the woman for you. You are not the man for me."

"Did you love me as I"— began the man passionately.

"It's not a question of love," returned the girl. "I'm not going to allow you to spoil my life with your unbearable doubts, nor will I sacrifice my individuality on the altar of your jealousy. We have gone through this before, and you beat down my reason by appealing to my affection. Now I choose to be free, to put you out of my life once and for all."

In the days following Hadley strove to reopen the question, but Katherine would neither answer his appeals in writing nor grant him an interview, so at last silence fell between them. Then the girl tried to take up her life where it had been broken into by the coming of Kenneth, tried to rejoice in her recovered freedom, but as the weeks passed they grew heavier, dragging at her heart like the ball and chain on the convict's foot. She suffered in a manner that she could neither understand nor have believed possible and grew resentful at the persistent aching and craving that possessed her.

By night she tossed restlessly, insomnia her jailor, half choked with a grief to which she would give no outlet. She had resented Kenneth's masterful claim on her and on her pursuits. Why, then, when this supervision was lifted was she not content? Love she believed subservient to individuality. When one or other must be sacrificed she had had no hesitation in her choice. She had made a fetich of ego, to find in the end love had so undermined it that she was no longer an entity, sufficient to herself. Then succeeded days when, half desperate in her unhappiness, she nearly capitulated; hours when it seemed as though an irresistible force impelled her to Kenneth, but always pride rose forbidding, and she made no sign.

"Kenneth sails Saturday," Mildred told her at last, risking a quarrel, having been forbidden to mention the name. "There being nothing to keep him here now," she continued comfortably, "he may never return." She watched with satisfaction the result of this stab. "I've often wondered," she persisted, "that you never regretted the break, but it's too late now, so it's better as it is."

Katherine made no response, but that night she wept for the first time, and long bitter sobs washed away every feeling but the love that gave them birth. She realized now that over her love for Kenneth his faults had no control. Human nature is so frail that it must love and cling where it can in spite of weakness.

Early Saturday, when Hadley was about to board an outbound vessel, a hand, thrust suddenly out of the half light, caught at his sleeve. He turned at the touch.

"Katherine!" No thickness of veil could disguise her in his eyes. There they stood, silent, incapable of speech, staring at each other. The man recovered first and drew her toward the end of the dock, where great packing cases afforded some seclusion.

"You should not have come!"

"I had to. I've been all wrong—and I wanted to tell you. I've been writing—short stories—advertising ones, for different firms; that's why I went to Charles Truax's office. He buys a number each year. No one knows. I didn't want them to—you especially, until I could do something worth while. You'll come back—back to America"—

"How much do you mean by telling me this?"

"As much as you wish. I—I've missed you so—your faults—my faults, what do they matter, Kenneth. I'm wretched without you—I"—

Then Hadley understood. Only at the last moment had he sufficient presence of mind to get his trunk pulled off the steamer before she slipped her moorings.

Kashgaria.

There are few places in the world so difficult to get at as Kashgaria. Though it lies in Chinese territory, the journey from Peking occupies no less than six months. From India caravans take two months, having to cross meanwhile the three highest mountain ranges in the world by way of several passes measuring 18,000 feet above sea level.

Then from the tall end of the Russian railway system in central Asia one may reach Kashgaria in three weeks by several routes, all involving the transit of difficult and storm swept passes.

Kashgaria is said to cover an area of 250,000 square miles—a statement that has little interest until considered in relation to the proportion which is cultivated by man. It is startling to realize that human endeavor has been capable of rendering fertile little more than a hundredth part and that ninety-nine hundredths of it is irredeemable desert.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Why He Waited.

The following story is told of the bishop of Sodor and Man's visit to Melton Mowbray some time ago, says the Philadelphia Inquirer: A broughan awaited him at the station, and he stepped into it, expecting to be taken at once to his destination. To his surprise, however, the coachman sat motionless on the box without the least intention, apparently, of leaving the station. At last the bishop inquired why he was waiting.

"Well, sir," said the coachman, "I was told to wait for the Bishop of Sodor and Man. You've arrived, sir, and now I'm waiting for your man."

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

How to Obtain Beautiful Effects With Pine and Holly.

As the Christmas season approaches decorations are uppermost in the mind. A false note is too often struck by having the rooms so laden with pine and holly that one experiences a sense of suffocation.

Over arches or doors a thick rope of ground pine is sufficient, and the green can be brightened by branches of holly. Holly wreaths tied with red ribbon will be sufficient for windows, says the Washington Post. Be sure when selecting the ribbon that it is a rich crimson, harmonizing with the berries. Vermilion color is too often seen and is entirely inartistic.

Charming effects can be produced with little outlay for the table. A heavy wreath of holly will cost 75 cents. Place the wreath on a white embroidered centerpiece and stand the carnations in a green vase in the center, or one can use a crystal jar or even a white one with delicate ornamentation. This decoration may be easily ruined by the use of a pink, yellow or yellow green vase or jar. If a little more elaborate trimming is wished, place streamers of red ribbon matching the carnations in color at each corner, fastening a spray of holly with perfect berries on each.

Chrysanthemums and roses are made of paper these days so as to appear as natural as their models. These flowers can be used time after time for table decorations if they are placed in boxes and covered, instead of being left outside to collect dust and become crumpled. A small sum invested in hothouse vines to mix in will make the artificial blossoms appear more natural.

A low mound of chrysanthemums wreathed with holly or ground pine makes an appropriate table decoration. The blossoms should be scarlet and white.

Crystal candlesticks hooded with scarlet and wreathed at the base with holly will add to the effect.

Fruit is always an appropriate and pleasant center decoration. A silver dish is preferable. A pretty china or glass bowl lends itself charmingly, and the common chopping bowl filled with winter fruits and nuts placed in a wreath of holly will prove a novelty.

How to Make a Blotter.

As a Christmas gift a blotter is always acceptable to both men and women, and the choice of materials to make it should be rather different if intended for a man's use. Avoid the dainty colored blotting papers and choose a dark red, green or gray, and, instead of a spray of some dainty flower, choose rather an autumn leaf. In place of a French court picture select a hunting scene and carry out the same idea in choosing the bow of ribbon for it. Buy a sheet of blotting paper, which will cost 10 cents, and cut it in pieces 6 by 12 inches, punch holes in the two upper corners of the narrow sides, and through these run a half inch ribbon to hold them together, then tie a bow. This will require one-half yard of ribbon, at 5 cents. Then with flour paste fasten one or two pretty pictures, clipped from a magazine and arrange in an artistic way. Pictures of different shapes will be pretty; one long and narrow placed at the top, and the other more of a square put at the bottom. A pretty idea would be to have a summer and winter scene. If the giver is an artist, a hand painted spray done in water colors would be pretty, instead of the pictures. The total cost of this blotter would be 15 cents.

How to Make Opera Creams.

Put into two cups of granulated sugar enough milk to thoroughly dissolve it, adding to the milk a quarter teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Bring slowly to a boil, stirring steadily all the time. When a little dropped into cold water is the consistency of putty, turn the mixture into a greased pan and set it aside until it begins to get cool. Beat it as long as you can do so and then knead as you would dough, turning it out on a pastry board sprinkled with powdered sugar. Roll into a sheet half an inch thick and cut into squares. If flavoring is desired, it should be stirred in just before the mixture is taken from the fire.

How to Keep Bedclothes Tucked In.

All housekeepers know how hard it is to make up a brass bed so that the clothes will stay in place during the night. If the shoulders are well covered, the feet are not, and vice versa. Fold the sheets, blankets and quilt in at the foot, using smallest width possible. Take a narrow sheet, the width of bed only, fold one half the length under the mattress and draw the other half smoothly over the blankets. On top of this place your spread, letting it hang over loosely at sides and foot alike. No matter how restless the sleeper, the clothes will stay in place.

How to Keep Tins From Rusting.

An authority on household matters says that if new tinware be rubbed over with fresh lard and thoroughly heated in the oven before it is used it will never rust afterward, no matter how much it is put in water. For stained tinware borax produces the best results. If a teapot or coffeepot is discolored on the inside, boil it in a strong solution of borax for a short time, and all its brightness will return.

How to Utilize Old Sheets.

Old sheets make serviceable aprons for afternoon wear. Use the corners, which are almost as strong as when new, and you will find them easy to wash and do up, and they give a neat appearance to the wearer when doing service in the dining room as well as elsewhere.

A CATTLE SHIP TRIP.

What It Means to Work Your Way Across the Atlantic.

HARD LABOR AND POOR FOOD

Experience of a College Student Who Wanted to See the Old World on Little Money—His Troubles Abroad and the Return Voyage.

A great many college boys and other youths who have a lot of time and very little money on their hands during the summer plan to get a fine vacation trip with little cost. One of the most popular trips is, of course, to Europe, and, as very few of them are able to stand the first or second cabin tariff and sort of fight shy of the steerage, their imaginations turn naturally toward the much talked of voyage as cattlemen. Without knowing very much about cattle or the sea or hard work young men often jump at the opportunity to get to the old world in this way.

About this trip they know just this much: First, that it costs $5 to get the job; second, that the cattlemen must care for the cattle all the way over for no pay, and, third, that the passage back is free. That looks good, but that's only the bare outline. The experiences of a young collegian who took this trip one summer may be of value to those who may contemplate the voyage and of interest to the public generally.

When he got the idea that he wanted to go to Europe, he had $20 in his pocket. Five of this he paid to a steamship agency in an office on South street, where he signed a contract as a cattleman. A few hours before the sailing he reported on board to the foreman and was assigned to a smelly, greasy bunk in the forecastle. Then the foreman, who was well liquored up and remained so all the way over, examined his papers, which contained a minute description of his person. The foreman said they were all right.

The men of the cattle crew were entirely separated from the regular crew of the vessel and seldom came in contact with them during the voyage. Besides the foreman there were two paid men, who also indulged in liquor all the time and never worked, and four college boys on an outing. The youths got together as soon as they were on board and discussed the possibilities of their job. Going down the Delaware there was nothing doing. The cattle, 210 head of them, were quiet, and things looked rosy to the boys.

They got their first jar when they were called to dinner. This meal was taken in the forecastle. It consisted of "salt horse," "skouse," "punk," "oleo" and "chicory." Translated, the meal consisted of meat, potatoes, bread, butter and coffee. Some of the boys had been camping and thought they could eat anything, but they balked at the quality of the food and the careless cooking. Then came a row. The foreman and the two paid men asked them if they thought they were going first cabin and threatened to throw them overboard if they did not eat. So they ate.

That night they retired early and were pulled out at 4 a. m. by the night watch and told to go to work. The foreman and his two paid men stood around giving orders, while the boys toiled like galley slaves. First they watered the cattle. Each head of the 210 had to be given five buckets of water, which had to be carried from the outlet tubs at the end of the cattle deck. The boys soon began to sweat under this unaccustomed work and threw off all their clothing except their trousers, in which costume they worked all the way over. It took two and one-half hours to water the cattle, and then breakfast was served, the same kind of stuff that had been given the evening before. By this time the boys were so hungry that they could eat almost anything.

At 10 o'clock the heaviest work started. The hay which was fed to the cattle had to be pulled up from the hold with a block and fall. Eighteen bales of 125 pounds each were hoisted in this manner as well as ten bales weighing from 250 to 325 pounds and eighteen bags of corn of 125 pounds each. Two of the youths hooked the bales in the hold, while the other two pulled. It did not take long for the tender skin on their hands to become raw and inflamed, and the hauling became a positive torture.

When all the hay and corn had been pulled up the corn was fed to the cattle, and then it was time for dinner. This was eaten hurriedly, so that the men could get back to work. The hay was split in the narrow aisles in front of the cattle, and after several hours of hard work at shaking it up the poor beasts were fed. Then the men were fed with far worse food in comparison than that given the cattle. By this time they were tired enough to go to bed. Most of them revolted at the stuffy bunks and slept on the hard deck.

This was the regular programme for each day. On the second day out a little relief came when a poor, starved stowaway was dug out of the hold and set to work. He could not work much, for he was sick most of the time, but he helped a little. So the work went on, and the blistered hands did not have a chance to heal. Before they were halfway over every college boy was praying for land.

There was practically no amusement on board. Isolated from everybody on the ship, the boys had nothing to do in their few spare moments but gamble. At playing poker the youth who had started with $20, less the $5 to the agency, lost every cent. Occasionally a cabin passenger would visit the cattlemen and bring them a bit of decent food. There was beer also, but it cost 10 cents a small glass and was very flat. They had to take turns standing the night watch and then work just as hard the next day. Three of the cattle died on the way over and had to be dumped overboard. In spite of their hardships the college boys were told that it was an exceptionally easy voyage, as no rough weather had overtaken the ship. On a stormy trip a constant watch must be kept over the cattle, as their ropes are frequently broken, and a regular stampede follows.

Once in Europe the college cattleman imagines that his troubles are over. If he has any money he can live there cheaply, but if he has none his life is much worse than the American bum's. One particular young man who was out of funds was lucky enough to borrow $20 from a cabin passenger, on which he lived in Antwerp for three weeks. Then he had trouble in arranging his passage home. Having landed the cattle, the steamship company cares very little for its contract to convey the cattleman back to America. After much argument and waiting the college boy at length succeeded in getting passage on a freighter to Boston.

The voyage home was lazy and tiresome. The food was the same as he had on the way over, with an occasional festival of plum duff. There was no work to do, so it was much better than on the voyage eastward. He did not enjoy it, however, for the sea without proper companionship is the most tiresome place imaginable. He was the only returning cattleman on board, and the sailors were an ignorant lot and too busy to talk with him. On landing in Boston he had to wire to Philadelphia for money to return home and was glad enough to get here. He is proud of his experience, but declares that it is certainly not worth the price. —Philadelphia Record.

VENETIAN GLASS.

The Different Varieties and the Process of Manufacture.

Venetian glass owes its extreme thinness and lightness to the want of lead in its composition. All the ornamental shapes were blown and owed their beauty to the skillful manipulation of the worker, whose delicacy of touch and artistic taste were often a heritage from generations of glass blowing ancestors.

The most prized of the Venetian productions was the beautiful "vitro-di-trina," or lace glass, generally known as filigree. Of this there are two kinds, the "vitorto" and the "retteelli."

The former was the less elaborate and consisted of a single tube twisted and given a spiral direction, the ground of the vessel being of a different color. The "reticelli" designs were varied. Sometimes the twisted tubes were powdered with gold and made vertical, horizontal, diagonal or curved. Indeed, every variation was given that ingenuity could suggest or fancy devise.

Ayenturine glass was invented by the Venetians, its secret being discovered by the accidental dropping of brass or copper filings into a pot of melted glass, which resulted in the diffusion of gold specks or threads throughout the mass. Its name is said to signify adventure, or resulting from chance, a word half Italian, but coined probably for the occasion to denote the peculiar variety.

Marbled or variegated glass was made to resemble chalcedony, jasper, lapis lazuli and tortoise shell. There was a kind of green and purple which became red by transmission of light. A frosty glass which showed an icy coating was made by dipping the vessel when half blown in pounded glass, the particles of which readily adhered to the warm mass, which was reheated and wrought into shape.

Sometimes pounded glass of different colors was used with fine effect upon the same object. These, with delicately gilded glass and some ornamented with jewel patterns like those of Damascus, formed the principal kinds of Venetian glass, which was too thin for engravings and could rarely bear enameling.—Exchange.

Tired of Being a Mascot.

"Do I know where you can find a good dressmaker?" said the smartly gowned woman in a weary but firm voice as her best friend looked anxiously to her for advice. "Yes, I do, but I'll never tell you. Now, don't look so injured. She is my own dressmaker, and I would not give her name or address to anybody for—well, for all my annual pin money. I've had a few experiences in that line which have taught me some lessons. I had a woman who came once a week to do extra housework for me, and she was a treasure—so faithful and so energetic. She came regularly for three years. One day she told me she needed one or two more places, so she could put in all her time, and just about then a friend of mine was looking for extra help, so I recommended Dinah. I never saw Dinah again but once. That was when I went to call on my friend. Dinah was there, putting in all her extra time.

"I recommended my tailor to a friend, and now he has so much work for her that he can't find time to make me a suit within two months, though I was the first customer he ever had after he opened his own shop. Besides, he charges me more because he is so busy.

"I recommended a certain tea room to a friend, and now the choicest table is always reserved for her, while I can slink into any old dark corner that nobody else wants. I'm tired of being a mascot. I'm looking for a mascot of my own."—New York Sun.

PRATHERS CREEK.

Mrs. J. H. Mayes has returned home after a week's visit to Mr L. L. Mayes near Aliceton.

Mr. George Barker and wife were in Cornishville last Tuesday.

Our hustling turkey buyer. F J. Sheens, is out this week amongst the fowls.

Miss Ethel Mayes and Mr. Will Barker went to Jellico, Tenn. last Thursday and were married. Miss Mayes is the daughter of Mr. J. H. Mayes, of this place, and is the assistant teacher in the school at Texas. It is said she left a note in the mail box at Mr. Campbell's, where she was boarding, saying she had left on a wedding trip and would be back Monday to take charge of her school. Miss Mayes is eighteen years old and is a pretty young lady and popular with all who know her, while Mr. Barker is an excellent young man possessing many good traits of character. He is the son of Mr. James Barker, of Fenwick. Mr. and Mrs. Dolph Barracks accompanied them to Jellico. The writer extends to the newly married couple best wishes for a long and happy voyage through life.

Public Sale!

Saturday, November 23

As I have sold my farm, I will offer the following property for sale on the above date, near the Cross Roads, where B. F. Colvin now lives:

One work mare, 9-years-old; 1 work mare 4-years-old; 2 mares, 2 years-old; all four of these mares are in foal 1 2-year-old mare by Leachman's horse; 1 work horse, 9-years-old; yearling colt, suckling colt, yoke of steers, 2-years-old, 2 milk cows and calves, 2 fat hogs, sow and 9 shoats, 20 head of sheep. Two wagons, and 1 good 1-horse wagon, buggy and harness, broom macnine, a few farming implements and household and kitchen furniture.

The above property will be sold on 12 months time.

George G. Colvin.

S. M. Campbell, Auctioneer.

SALE BEGINS at 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.

Commissioner's Sale!

J. R. Harmon, etc., Plaintiffs, vs. W. O. Harmon, etc., Defendants

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Washington Circuit Court, rendered at the October term thereof, 1907, in the above styled cause, I shall proceed to offer for sale on the premises about the hour of 1:30 o'clock, p. m., or thereabout, on

THURSDAY, NOV. 28, 1907.

Upon a credit of 1, 2 and 3 years.

The land to be sold is near Mackville and situated in Washington county, Ky., and is bounded as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a stone corner to dower in John B. Litsey's line, thence N. 33½ E. 107 poles to a Beech tree, thence N. 26½ E. 74⅔ poles to a stone in Josh Tumey's line on said branch, thence with Tumey's line N. 57½ W. 93½ poles to a stone on the West side of the road, corner to the heirs, thence N 37½ E. 47½ poles to a stone, thence S. 31½ E. 21.20 poles to a Walnut stump thence S. 32½ W. 26½ poles to a Beech tree, thence S. 32½ W. 66⅔ poles to a stone corner to dower, thence S. 57½ W. 109 poles to the beginning, containing one hundred and twenty two (122) acres.

For the purchase price the purchaser or purchasers with approven security or sureties must execute bonds bearing legal interest from date of sale until paid and having the force and effect of a judgment. A lien will be retained on land for which bond is executed. Bidders will be required to comply promptly with these terms.

M. G. LEACHMAN, M. C. W. C. C.

SUBSCRIBERS FREE COLUMN.

Mrs. N. C. Campbell, Springfield, Ky., R. F. D. 2, has for sale Mammoth Bronze turkeys. Toms $4, hens $2 50.

For sale, a nice lot of M. B. turkeys, Waldner & Wright strains. Healthy and well marked. Will sell at reasonable prices. Address Miss Eliza McIntire, R. F. D. No. 5. Telephone 99, 1 long 1 short.

J. L. Allen, Springfield, wants to buy a lot of corn and oats.

C. L. Grundy, R. R. No. 1, has for sale a 125 pound Chester White male hog.

Mrs. J. A. Cecil, Fredericktown, Ky., has for sale 50 pure bred Buff Wyandott pullets and a few cockerels and a small lot of pure bred light Brahmas.

W. M. Hardin, Fenwick, has for sale twenty-five stock shoats, averaging about 50 pounds.

Having moved to Illinois, I have for sale 2,000 sticks nice tobacco, at the home of my father, Sidney Perkins, Mackville, R. R. No. 1.

W. E. Leachman has for sale one 3-year-old black horse that a woman or child can drive. Sound as a dollar.

J. R. Walker, Rt. 1, has for sale some nice seed wheat.

G. T. Clements, Rt. 1, has for sale two spans extra good work mules.

J. E. Derringer, Rt. 1, has for sale 1,000 cedar post. 20c a piece.